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THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. X. NO 16. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1891. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THEY COUNSEL PEACE.

Ireland Pretty Broadly Informed by the President and Council of the Irish National League of America That There Must Be Union Before Further Help is Extended.

A Most Important Gathering—A Convention Recommended—The Resolutions Adopted.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, April 11.—A meeting of the executive of the Irish National League of America was held in the Burnett House, in this city, today, to decide the question whether what they represented of the League should support Charles Stewart Parnell as leader of the Irish Parliamentary party. With but an hour or so of intermission, the session extended from 11 o'clock in the morning until nearly midnight.

THE ASSEMBLY

was composed of President John Fitzgerald, of Lincoln, Neb.; First Vice President Patrick Martin, of Baltimore; Secretary John P. Sutton, Lincoln, Neb.; Daniel Corkery, Chicago; O'Brien Atkinson, Port Huron, Mich.; Major Wm. J. Gleason, comptroller of the city of Cleveland, Ohio; Capt. P. Smith, Cleveland; James Killelea, Nashville, Tenn; Wm. Lyman, New York; M. J. Martin, Nashville, Tenn.; Michael Burns, Indianapolis; Judge Fitzgerald, Kansas, and M. V. Gannon, Neb.

President Fitzgerald announced that he had called them together to consider a request made to him by Mr. James J. O'Kelly, M. P. Mr. Fitzgerald stated that soon after the arrival of the Parnell envoys in this country he received from them a telegram asking if he would visit them in New York, to which he gave a negative reply. A few days later a second dispatch reached him, signed by Mr. O'Kelly, inquiring if he would grant the sender an interview if he visited Lincoln, Neb.

The latter answered that he always gave a hearty reception to all men loyal to the Irish cause who called on him. Mr. O'Kelly accordingly arrived in Lincoln and requested President Fitzgerald to call a convention of the Irish National League in America for the purpose of indorsing Mr. Parnell's leadership. Mr. Fitzgerald refused to comply with the request, and informed his caller that both sections of the Irish Parliamentary party are now anxious to secure the help of the league, but only a few months ago neither side seemed to have any warmth of feeling for it. "I will not raise my voice for any one," said Mr. Fitzgerald to the envoy, "until I consult with the national council of the league, and by their action alone can your request be answered one way or the other."

Speaking to the council

MR. FITZGERALD SAID:

"It is to obtain your views and determination in this matter that I have called you to assemble here. I advise the fullest and most deliberate discussion of this subject and the coolest and calmest of judgment to guide you in reaching conclusions. As men who have ever been loyal to the cause of motherland, as American citizens who love freedom, and as fathers who have ever striven to leave the proud heritage of an exalted manhood to your children, I counsel you to weigh well all arguments in this matter. Look not to leaders or men, but to the cause of Ireland. Whatever you do, let it be for the advancement of her interests and let not personal feeling sway your thoughts. I have been abused and so have you men of this national council. We have been treated insultingly by both divisions of the Irish party, who sought not our assistance or advice until they were forced to. Their delegates have been and are now in the country, but they did not come under the auspices of the league. Therefore, let us give such reply today as patriotism and that alone shall warrant."

Mr. Fitzgerald then announced that Mr. O'Kelly was in the hotel and desired, if agreeable to the council, to appear before the members and give his version of the conflict in the ranks of the Irish party as well as his reasons for asking support for Mr. Parnell. Unanimous consent was given Mr. O'Kelly to present his case. He appeared promptly.

MR O'KELLY

lost no time in presenting his arguments in support of Mr. Parnell. After reviewing the preliminary work of these who were selected by both sides of the Irish party to treat with Mr. Gladstone, he went over the familiar ground of the quarrel between the factions on the other side of the Atlantic. He added:

"This quarrel has a longer history even than that since the divorce court proceedings. It goes back to 1886. Mr. Parnell had nothing to expect from the radicals, because they were opposed to appropriating money under the Land Bill. That bill is of vital importance to Ireland. The people can live one hundred years longer without Home Rule. Fifty years longer without the Land Bill and there will be no Irish in Ireland.

"Another fearful source of trouble in the ranks of the Irish party is the opposition of the Irish bishops. The true cause of their dislike of Mr. Parnell is not of recent origin. It was begotten by his withholding his support from their Irish university scheme. The bishops want to secure one million pounds sterling from the government to found a university in Ireland which shall be under their care and guidance. The laity are not disposed to have them control the institution. Mr. Parnell believes the question of who shall govern should be settled at home before the bill is considered in parliament. Furthermore, he holds to the opinion that it will be time enough to have a university when Ireland has her own parliament. Hence, he will not do much fighting for the bill, and in this fact lies the essence of the opposition of the bishops to him. It is alleged that one half of the Irish priests are with us. If this be true why do they not show their hands? They cannot because of the power of their bishops over them.

"This is not a fight against the Catholic church. I am a Catholic, and I will be the last man to ever oppose the right of a priest to exercise, as an individual, his privilege of expressing his political views at elections. Where my objection comes in is in their using the church in politics. When I first went to Parliament I was opposed by every priest in Roscommon and the bishop of the diocese. The second time I was elected, I was nominated by a parish priest of Roscommon. So it will be with the priests in this struggle if we win. They will support us.

WHAT WE NEED IS MONEY.

The two hundred thousand dollars which Mr. Parnell had deposited in Paris for parliamentary election expenses is held in trust by three trustees, of whom Mr. Justin McCarthy is one. He will not consent that Mr. Parnell should draw any of it, and of course Mr. Parnell will not permit him to get any of it. This leaves our party in need of financial aid.

"Give us your aid and you will see my words verified. The priests will join us if we are victorious as they did in 1880, when the league won. They were opposed to it then, but when it marched on to success they were found in its ranks. The action of the bishops cannot ultimately have a beneficial effect on Irish politics. There is not quite five million of a population at present in Ireland, of this number two million are Protestants. It is not reasonable to suppose that the English government which disestablished her church, will agree to have in its stead the Catholic as the national church. That would hand over to the rule of the Irish bishops two million of its own members.

"You may say to us to go home and settle our quarrels. I tell you the Irish people will not allow us to settle them. There is only one place where it can be settled and that is at the polls."

MR. O'BRIEN ATKINSON

followed in an address urging the council to indorse Mr. Parnell. He said it was only four weeks ago that he returned from a trip through Ireland, and while there he made as close and careful a study as he could of the condition of politics. The strange spectacle was presented of twenty-seven bishops of Ireland making the politics for the people. Their present action, Mr. Atkinson said, he could only explain on the ground that the same spirit which actuated Cardinal Cullen, who was a noted Tory and would not consent that the vatican should appoint any bishop in Ireland who did not belong to his school of political thought, moves the Irish bishops. Mr. Atkinson said he was a Catholic and an ardent admirer of the priesthood. He could not believe, however, that the duty of the priest called him to interfere in politics. As a priest he is successful, but when he undertakes the management of worldly affairs in the majority of cases he fails as a leader. Mr. Atkinson referred to the suffering in Ireland and to the immense cost of maintaining the constabulary. There are fourteen thousand of those men for whose support the English government appropriates seven million five hundred thousand dollars. The O'Shea case did not affect in the least his loyalty to Mr. Parnell.

At this point letters were read from Dr. Thomas O'Reilly, of St. Louis; Patrick Gleason, president of the New York municipal council of the Irish National League, and John Crane, protesting against any support being extended to Mr. Parnell.

A cablegram from Mr. Alfred Webb, treasurer of the McCarthyite division, dated March 26, was read, in which he asked that the council postpone action until Dr. Fox could be heard. Dr. Fox, however, had not as yet communicated with the national officials of the league.

Captain Smith arose and opposed the council indorsing Mr. Parnell, whom he criticised sharply, particularly with reference to his private life.

M. V. Gannon advocated the cause of Parnell.

MAJOR GLEASON

strongly insisted that the council should ignore Mr. Parnell's request for aid. "The duty of those present was justice to Ireland before the wishes of any man. This question is a momentuous one. The effect that Mr. Parnell's policy has had on the people in this country was amply illustrated by the experience of the members of the national council since their stay in Cincinnati. Of the thousands of Irish-American citizens in the city not one called on them. There was a feeling of disgust in this land over the state of affairs in Ireland." Major Gleason did not believe in a faction fight. Let Mr. O'Kelly and his companions settle their disputes in Ireland. Believing that is the only way to solve the whole question, he offered a series of resolutions which deplore the division in the Irish ranks and call on both sections of the Irish party to settle their differences. Until such time as they did so and were able to come before the American people as a united body, the resolutions declared that the league would not give any aid.

Secretary Sutton opposed the resolutions.

WILLIAM LYMAN

opposed indorsement of either faction, and argued for the appointment of a committee from the council to arbitrate, with permission of the McCarthyites and Parnellites. In this way he thought the ranks might be again closed.

Major Gleason did not consider it within the province of the council to speak for the Irish-Americans of this country because the members did not represent all sections of the United States. If the views of the Irish-American citizens were wanted he favored calling a national convention.

An interesting document was read in the shape of a letter sent months ago, before the Parliamentary party divided, to President Fitzgerald by John Dillon, in which he stated that it was the desire of Mr. Parnell that the officers of the Irish National League of America resign, because he believed that the condition of American politics was such that the League could not continue its usefulness in the Irish cause under a single executive. Mr. Dillon wrote that he and Mr. O'Brien coincided with the views of Mr. Parnell.

The resignations were not sent, the council deciding that the officers of the League were elected by a convention and could only relinquish their authority to such a body. Mr. Parnell was the cause of the frequent postponement of the convention, as shown by cablegrams from him, that were read.

Discussion on Major Gleason's resolutions were resumed and references were made to the desire at one time of both Mr. Parnell and Messrs. Dillon and O Brien to ignore the League.

M. V. Gannon offered as a substitute for Major Gleason's resolutions a series eulogistic of Mr. Parnell's work and pledging him the support of the Irish National League of America.

Mr Gannon's resolutions were discussed thoroughly. No vote was taken, however, on either set.

Finally it was agreed to appoint a committee to whom should be referred both Major Gleason's and Mr. Gannon's resolutions, the committee to report tomorrow morning the result of their deliberations. The members of the committee appointed are Messrs. Atdinson, M. J. Martin, of Nashville; M. V. Gannon, Capt. Smith, John P. Sutton.

The council then adjourned until next morning.

AN ADJOURNMENT.

CINCINNATI, O., April 12.—The meeting of the late Executive of the Irish National League of America adjourned this afternoon, after adopting the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, The Executive Committee of the Irish National League of America is without advices from the Irish National League at Dublin, and a question is presented requiring an interchange of views with Charles Stewart Parnell, president, and Timothy Harrington, secretary of the last named organization; therefore, be it

Resolved, First—That the president and secretary be instructed to correspond with Messrs Parnell and Harrington in reference to the matter aforesaid, and especially the letter of John Dillon received by our president and laid before this committee.

Second—That the president be authorized to suggest the good offices of this organization as arbitrator, with a view to the restoration of harmony and the reconcilement of all differences in Ireland, and to this end that the president at once put himself in communication with the proper parties in Ireland.

Third—That we recommend a national convention in America to be held not later than September, 1891, at Baltimore, and the president is hereby instructed to request the presence of Mr. Parnell, president of the Irish National League, and of the Irish members of parliament at such convention.

Fourth—That we learn with sincere regret of the illness of John F. Armstrong, now in his native land, an honored member of this body and one of the most faithful and devoted Irishmen in America, who gave unstintedly of his time and money to the furtherance of true national principles. We miss his wise counsel and the manifestation of his unbending and sterling integrity, and trust in the providence of God he may be speedily restored to his family and friends and the service of his native country.

Fifth—That we do now adjourn subject to the call of the president in order to further the work for which we are convened.

The resolutions were signed by all the members present.

The unanimous agreement on these resolutions was a surprise. There was the same attendance of representatives as yesterday, with the exception of First Vice-President Patrick Martin, of Baltimore, who was compelled to return to his home early this morning because of serious illness in his family, and Major Gleason, who was called to Cleveland by important business. A delegation from Louisville, Ky., consisting of Major Daniel Shanahan, Patrick Bannon and Col. M'Aleer, arrived just before the opening of the session and participated in the proceedings. These three gentlemen were decidedly in opposition to any effort to recognize either of the Irish factions. As a body they favored arbitration in the settlement of the parliamentary dispute, and Major Shanahan declared himself in favor of a convention of the League in America.

A free interchange of views followed. Suggestions were made, propositions discussed and objections made to any names being mentioned, lest the people of the country might be led to believe that one faction in Ireland or the other should be indorsed. Out of the whole arose the unanimous sentiment that there was no intention to acknowledge either side. Peace in their ranks was the objective purpose.

A number of branches have written to President Fitzgerald that they have funds in their treasury, and asking him what disposition to make of them. Mr. Fitzgerald has advised all branches to keep their own money, not to send it to Ireland in view of the present state of affairs, unless they forward it to the Irish bishops for the relief of the tenants. The executive officers state that so long as matters continue as they are they will not send a cent to anybody. They want peace and union.

From the expressions of the members of the National Council they expect a successful convention in Baltimore, and a renewed interest in the Irish cause which, it is supposed will, by that time, be a united one.

Every ingredient employed in producing Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly pure, and is the best of its kind it is possible to buy. In the course of preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla everything is carefully watched with a view to attaining the best result.

The Parnellites have won a victory in the election of poor law guardians for the electoral division of Tralee.

THE FRENCH LANDING.

A Russian's Graphic Account of the Arrival of Gen. Humbert and a Regiment of Frenchmen at Killala in 1798.

Is the Muscovite Giving an Object Lesson to His Own Country?

[*United Ireland.*]

At the close of our last paper Mr. Gribayedoff's narrative showed us the inhabitants of Killala on Steeple hill surrounding Capt. Kirkwood and his yoemanry, and all eagerly speculating as to the nationality of the three frigates out in the bay. The narrative goes on:

"Just about this time a peasant covered with dust and sweat rode furiously into Parsontown with the startling information that troops in blue uniforms were landing from the ships, and were distributing arms to many of the inhabitants who had joined them. Presently this fact was confirmed when a solid body of men were descried moving along the road leading to Killala. Now hidden in the hollows now sharply outlined against the sky, their arms flashing in the rays of the setting sun, they marched slowly but steadily onward, preceded by a single horseman—a large, robust looking man, dressed in a long green hunting frock and a huge conical fur cap. On meeting parties of the townsfolk he stopped and saluted them in the Leinster patois: '*Go de mu ha tu*' (How do you do.) Close upon his heels rode a French general—Sarrazin—and his aid de camp, one Matthew Tone, both seemingly much amused at each other's successful handling of the Irish tongue. When they had crossed the Parsontown bridge General Humbert drove up in a gig and ordered three hundred of his men to bivouac on the green esplanade in front of the village, while the remainder were sent on to Killala.

"Twilight was falling on the world, and the gentle voices of the evening insects were singing a lullaby to the drowsy earth when Sarrazin's stalwart grenadiers and infantry marched down the hill of Mullaghera and advanced upon the little town. Capt. Kirkwood, informed of the grave state of affairs, hastily gathered together his yoemanry and the fencibles, and ordered them to a commanding ridge on the outskirts; but soon deciding this position to be less advantageous than one within the town itself, he fell back and took a stand at the top of the decline leading to the castle. He showed his wisdom, for no better situation could have been selected for a retreat. Sarrazin, on arriving within gunshot of the enemy, made his dispositions. He sent a detachment under Neal Kerugan—now a full fledged rebel—to occupy the "Acres" road, to turn the British, if in position, or cut them off in the event of their retreating. He stationed a handfull of sharpshooters on the deserted ridge, and sent the green coated horseman, referred to before, forward to reconnoitre. Through the winding streets the chasseur dashed. The target of many a bullet, he reached the market place unharmed. Here he was challenged by a young gentleman of the place in yoeman's uniform with: 'What do you want, you spy?' The voice of war is the scream of the bullet, and the answer, conveyed through the medium of a pistol, was both convincing and silencing. One more dash in the face of death to inspect the enemy's position, and this modern Achilles, with *his* heel well booted, was back among his companions, where he related with much unction that 'though he had been in twenty battles, he had never before had the honor to receive the entire fire of the enemy's lines.'*

"By this time the action had begun. The sharpshooters were showing their mettle, and the grenadiers, who had headed the attacking column, deployed on the main street, in the center of the town. There they were opposed by the English with a faint hearted fire. Capt. Kirkwood, alarmed at the indecision of his men, ordered them in excited tones to charge. The command found no response. The line hesitated, wavered, broke—and in a moment the whole force were skurrying toward the castle gates. In the scramble the town's apothecary, a respectable citizen of the name of Smith, was laid low by a bullet from a French trooper, and the Rev. Dr. Ellison, of Castlebar, an Anglican clergyman and guest of the bishop, who had bravely appeared in the ranks, musket in hand, received a wound in the heel. At the castle gates the fight was resumed, this time with some spirit. The defenders endeavored to barricade the entrance, but notwithstanding the unquestionable bravery of their commanders, one of whom, Lieut. Sills, wounded an officer of the attacking party, the gate was forced open, and what remained of the British laid down their arms. These were nineteen in number. The rest had been killed or wounded, or had fled. Among the latter were the two officers from Ballina, who carried the news to their commander.

"An interesting scene occurred when the smoke in the courtyard had cleared away. A tall man of resolute mien, wearing a general's epaulettes, who arrived at the conclusion of the fight, accompanied by a numerous staff, and who proved to be Humbert himself, suddenly ordered the troops in stentorian tones to ground arms. Then, turning to the three prisoners, Mr. Ruthledge and the Stock boys, who had been brought with the column, he asked, through an interpreter, where the bishop could be found. Naturally the badly frightened men were unable to supply the information; but the suspense was of short duration, for presently the worthy prelate emerged from the bushes of his garden near by. He was at once assured by the same interpreter, one Bartholomew Teeling—of whom there will be occasion to speak further on—that no harm was intended; and as he stepped forward Humbert extended his hand. What improved matters was the bishop's knowledge of French, an advantage which, combined with his honest exterior, impressed the general favorably. At all events the latter's first words breathed kindness and good will.

"'Take my word for it,' was his assurance, 'that neither your people nor yourself shall have any cause to feel any apprehension. We have come to your country not as conquerers, but as deliverers, and shall take only from you what is absolutely necessary for our support. You are as safe under our protection as you are under that of his majesty, the king of England.'

"All contemporaneous authorities, be they English or Irish, loyalist or revolutionist, agree that, to the honor of the French name, this promise was religiously kept. History furnishes few examples of so scrupulous an observance of the rules of civilized warfare, so thorough a respect for the rights of the conquered, as distinguished the operations of General Humbert and his little party.

"As the last rays of the setting sun illuminated the town and bay of Killala on that memorable 22d of August, 1798, a French soldier climbed to the roof of the Episcopal palace and lowered the British colors that from time immemorial had floated there. The staff was not destined to remain long bare, for presently a green flag, with a harp embroidered in the center, and bearing the motto, '*Erin go Bragh*,' rose slowly from its base, greeted by a triple salvo and the cheers of a large concourse of people. The inhabitants of Killala had fully realized the significance of the situation, and the large majority being malcontents, the invading army had been surrounded by enthusiastic throngs, eager to offer help and co-operation."

Humbert at once proceeded to make arrangements for the provisioning of his troops, and on the morning of the 23d the French commander issued a proclamation that had been carefully prepared by himself and the Irish officers accompanying the expedition. It was couched in the florid language of the day, and translated into the Irish tongue, was well calculated to stir the fervid Celtic nature to action. It read as follows:

"'LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY, UNION.

"'IRISHMEN:

"'You have not forgotten Bantry Bay—you know what efforts France has made to assist you. Her affection for you, her desire for avenging your wrongs and insuring your independence can never be impaired.

"'*After* several unsuccessful attempts, behold Frenchmen arrived among you.

"'*They* come to suport your courage, to share your dangers, to join their arms and to mix their blood with yours in the sacred cause of liberty! They are the forerunners of other Frenchmen, whom you shall soon enfold in your arms.

"'*Brave* Irishmen, our cause is common; like you, we abhor the avaricious and bloodthirsty policy of an oppressive government; like you, we hold as indefensible the right of all nations to liberty; like you, we are persuaded that the peace of the world shall ever be troubled as long as the British ministry is suffered to make with impunity a traffic of the industry, labor and blood of the people.

"'*But* exclusive of the same interests which unite us, we have powerful motives to love and defend you.

"'*Have* we not been the pretext of the cruelty exercised against you by the cabinet of St. James? The heartfelt interest you have shown in the grand events of our revolution—has it not been imputed to you as a crime? Are not tortures and death continually hanging over such of you as are barely suspected of being our friends? Let us unite, then, and march to glory.

"'*We swear the most violable respect for your properties, your laws, and all your religious opinions. Be free! be masters in your own country. We look for no other conquest than that of your liberty—no other success than yours*

"'The moment of breaking your chains has arrived; our triumphant troops are now flying to the extremities of the earth to tear up the roots of the wealth and tyranny of our enemies. That frightened Colossus is mouldering away in every part. Can there be any Irishman base enough to separate himself at such a happy conjuncture from the grand interests of his country? If such there be, brave friends, let him be chased from the country he betrays and let his property become the reward of those generous men who know how to fight and die!

"'Irishmen, recollect the late defeats which your enemies have experienced from the French; recollect the claims of Honscoote, Toulon, Quiberon, and Ostend; recollect America, free from the moment she wished to be so.

"'*The* contest between you and your oppressors cannot be long.

"'*Union! Liberty!* the *Irish Republic!* such is our shout. Let us march. Our hearts are devoted to you; our glory is in your happiness. "'HUMBERT.'"

*Mr. Gribayédoff conjectures that the hero of this episode was Henry O'Keon.

TO BE CONTINUED.

IRISH ITEMS.

The following letter was addressed to the *Freeman:* "I wish to ask Mr. Parnell publicly, through your columns, what (if anything) is the meaning of the last sentence of his address to the men whom you generally call the people of New Tipperary—'He would continue to guard their interests to the end, and to see that the sacrifices which the men of Tipperary had made were not made in vain.' Now, Mr. Parnell knows that the men of Tipperary have made no sacrifices, that is, they were compelled to give up their houses, for the time being, by a reign of terror, inaugurated by the action of Wm. O'Brien and the Archbishop of Cashel—action, as I said before, having no intelligible motive behind it save that of lieing to England. Surely it is time that an end should be put to this tragic farce, and it is certainly a marvel to me how you or Mr. Parnell can dream that you are serving the cause of his leadership, or any good cause at all, by bolstering up, even for a while, the patent fiction of 'New Tipperary.' Faithfully yours, JOHN O'LEARY."

At Lismore petty sessions a case was heard at the suit of the Duke of Devonshire against a tenant named John Moore for cutting timber on his farm. The magistrates fined the defendant 60 cents, and on his refusal to pay he was ordered to go to jail for seven days with hard labor. The case has evoked great indignation.

The following paragraph from the London correspondence of the Cork *Examiner* speaks for itself: "The first of Madame Olga Novikoff's musical parties went off with great eclat at Claude's hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone looked in for half an hour before going to the House. Mr. Lecky and Mr. Froude were there; and Sir John Pope Hennessy and Mr. Justin McCarthy talked in a corner with Mr. and Mrs. Stead."

PERSONAL.

It is with much pleasure we learn from the Washington *Critic* that Mr. William O'Connell, son of our esteemed friend and fellow countryman, Mr. J. D. O'Connell, of Washington, D C., has been appointed one of the corps of Topographical Engineers, who have been selected to survey the route for the great Inter Continental Railroad, intended to connect the United States with the South American republics—the greatest work yet designed in this age of wonderful undertakings. Mr. Wm. O'Connell is a most worthy young man, of high promise and attainments; and we sincerely congratulate him on the auspicious prospects with which his professional career thus opens.—*Irish-American.*

Mr. John J. Lowrey, No. 52 Huron street, was married last Tuesday afternoon to Miss Barbara Newell, the Rev. Father Perry of the Cathedral of the Holy Name officiating. The church was crowded with the friends of the young couple, who have the sincere regard of all who know them.

IRISHMEN IN COUNCIL.

[*Nashville Sunday Herald.*]

The recent council of the Irish National League of America, held in Cincinnati, is regarded as a most potent advance agent in the anticipated harmonizing of public and private differences which have disturbed Ireland and caused anxiety to her friends in America.

The tone and tenor of this meeting was to impress every member with the firm conviction that the unity of thought, sentiment and action found to exist among themselves would grow, under fraternal guidance and fostering, until all Ireland would become a unit in adopting that course which might be deemed best for the nation, best for the people.

No one returned from this council more pleased with the prospect than Mr. James Killelea, who represented the Nashville Parnell branch, upon the special invitation of President Fitzgerald, of the Irish National League of America.

Mr. Killelea returned yesterday morning, and in speaking of the meeting said:

"I am happy to state that the final outcome of the meeting at Cincinnati of the executive council of the Irish National League, was one which will exert a beneficial influence in bringing about unity in the Irish parliamentary party. One extremely gratifying feature was the honest unanimity of desire and effort to restore harmony and bring the two sides together once more.

"The national convention, which will be held at Baltimore, Maryland, some time during next September, will leave nothing undone which may honorably tend toward healing up all differences which unfortunately have existed between the parties.

"About thirty members attended the Cincinnati meeting and were in session the greater part of two days. During that time there was never a dissenting voice or vote. Measures were discussed, yet in such a conservative, pacific manner that nothing resembling anything like friction or opposition was at any time imminent. All were possessed of one intention and that was to allay all differences, petty or great, and by the powerful logic of justice pleasantly effect a perfect reunion of interests. These members or delegates represented every section of the United States, and were addressed by Mr. O'Kelly, who briefly outlined the cause of the breach in Ireland.

"After discussing the situation we felt warranted in believing that the convention in September will completely harmonize the parties. The approach to this will be passed by correspondence, and the council realized that Ireland would not lightly consider what was proposed in the nature of conciliation and arbitration. Ireland needs America's aid, and will give earnest attention to the councils of her friends in America.

"We all left for our several homes feeling towards each other like brothers, and cheered by the hope of reconciliation in Ireland, which we believe will be realized through the September convention."

Local Catholic News.

The Rev. Father Coughlan, of Amboy, has been appointed pastor of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Rev. Father Meyer, S J., late provincial of the Jesuits, has been assigned to the rectorship of Marquette College, Milwaukee.

Articles of incorporation were issued by the secretary of state for a home for working boys in this city. Archbishop Feehan, and the Rev. Fathers Muldoon and Gill are the incorporators. The object of the association is the welfare of homeless boys, a most worthy and needed charity.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XL.—(Continued.)

DEFEAT OF THE EXPEDITION.

"How long they are getting ready!" thought Tone, his impatience making the seconds seem hours. "Will they never have done preparing? The enemy will be ready before them."

Whe he was yet considering, a sudden burst of thunder made him start from where he stood!

The red light, paling even the daylight, made him close his eyes involuntarily. The white mantle of smoke came in rolling gusts from the deck and from every porthole in the long length of the vessel's side, until, floating upwards, it formed a vapory canopy above them, through which the sun shone redly as in a fog. Unheeding of this, however, his first glance when the shock had passed and before yet the enveloping smoke had come, was at the foe.

The full force of the storm of heavy shot had told. The round bullets had struck her, making gaps in her sides, or splintering their massive planking.

Others, aimed higher, had struck the bulwarks or swept the deck, and one striking the second mast had smashed it, and it was, even while he looked, swaying unsteadily, merely sustained in its position by the ropes that connected it with the others and with the deck.

The whole thing had taken place in almost the twinkling of an eye, but the havoc wrought was indescribable. The vessel, a moment before as trim and neat as if just turned from the builder's yard, so clean and new and ordered it looked, had in that short space of time become a scene of almost inextricable wreck and confusion!

A shot struck the carriage of one of the deck guns, overturning it and crushing several of the cannoniers that stood beside. A rush of sailors to the relief of their comrades; a loosening and disorderly falling about of the ropes that held the broken mast; a scattering of broken timbers around, in the air, and on the deck and the sea, and a crowd of forms tugging at the guns, were the last sights that Tone saw as the blinding smoke gathered over him, shutting the Valiant from his view.

"That broadside told," said Eugene in his ear, whilst yet the Hoche trembled with the recoil of her guns.

Tone was about to answer with an earnest affirmative, when a tremendous blow, as of a hundred huge iron mallets, struck the side of their vessel; and at the same moment a hissing whirlwind swept the deck, tearing through sails, splintering bulwarks, and rattling with sodden sound off their own guns.

It was the answering broadside from the enemy!

And a disastrous one it was. The flash of light, piercing even the sulphurous smoke that canopied them, had scarcely vanished when Tone, looking along the deck as far as it was visible, saw forms prone on it, or sailors staggering to their death. The officer in charge of the gun nearest him lay on his face under the trunnion, his cutlass still held firmly in his hand. Several of the men thereat had been also swept down in the rush of grape!

While Tone was watching with eager eyes, wholly oblivious of his own danger, the effects of the enemy's first broadside, and unconsciously wondering at the swiftness with which men are hurled into eternity—how ruthlessly the golden thread of life is snapped and torn by these speeding messengers of death—a rope that had been cut by a bullet fell, striking him on the face and for a moment blinding him.

At the same time a hand was laid on his shoulder and Eugene's voice was in his ears:

"That battery, Tone, has lost its officer. You must take charge of it."

He needed no further direction, but hurried to his post. The gun was not only unofficered but almost unmanned.

Stripping off his gold embroidered uniform, he aided the men to charge and load again, with his own hands ramming home the charge of canister that was to be their next offering to the foe. Thenceforward he knew but little of the work that went on beyond his own gun. Amid an entanglement of cut and fallen ropes, of patches and shreds of torn sails; amid cries from wounded men, hoarse commands from officers, and frantic cheers from the sailors as a broadside thundered at the enemy; amid whirlwinds of striking, hissing, tearing, and rending bullets, he fought on, loading and firing, as fast as hands could load and fire, at the unseen enemy—unseen in the canopy of smoke!

The continuous roar of thunder that filled the air around; the furious work that went on on deck; the hurrying swarthy forms that moved about, carrying powder and shot and shell, dimly seen in the choking cloud of sulphurous smoke—now black and grimy, save when a lurid flash from the belching cannon illumined it—rendered the scene a very pandemonium. But he heard none of it. His whole thoughts and energies were given to the work at his hand. It was only when Eugene, laying hold of the cannon, said:

"This gun is too hot for further firing. You must let it cool," that his attention was withdrawn from the work in hand.

He turned to speak to Eugene, but the latter had vanished.

"Boarders forward! Cutlasses to the front!"

The command, shouted in Eugene's well known voice, directed his attention to the other side of the vessel, from which the order proceeded; and turning to look there a strange sight met his eyes.

The tall masts and rigging of a huge vessel raised themselves in the air beside the Hoche.

Across the ribbed and torn bulwarks of the latter grappling irons had been thrown from the strange vessel; a rough passage of planks had been pushed across; and at this moment a crowd of barefooted sailors, with gleaming cutlasses in their hands, were hurrying therealong or jumping therefrom on to the deck.

So extremely quick was the movement, so little time did it occupy, that the grapples had hardly been thrown when the planks were pushed across and the English sailors were rushing along them.

The cry of "Boarders forward" brought leaping to their feet a band of Frenchmen who, specially detailed for this purpose, had been lying on their faces, axe and cutlass in hand, aloug the deck beside the bulwarks. In a second they had thrown themselves on the boarders, and a furious hand to hand fight commenced!

The vigor of the British, or, perhaps, their number, was unequal to the determination and fury of the French, and in a brief space the deck was strewn with the dead, as the cleaving axe dealt them blow after blow. Some were forced by sheer bodily strength across the bulwarks, in deadly wrestling match, whence they fell headlong into the water between the two vessels. Others, there being no other escape from the uplifted axe, vaulted boldly across!

It was a terrible scene whilst it lasted.

Tone, standing at his gun, looked with something akin to amazement at the sudden and furious combat. The fray ended almost as soon as it had begun; the grappling irons were unhooked and thrown over; the end of the boarding plank—with the crowding sailors thereon, unable to advance, unable in the pressure from behind to retreat—was dropped into the sea.

A cheer went up from the conquerors as once more the thunders of a broadside, poured into the foe at a few feet distance, drowned all other noise and din.

It was a sorry sight—to behold, after this work of a few minutes, the mangled and cloven forms of the men lately vigorous and full of life, strewing that portion of the deck in every conceivable attitude and position. But the wreathing smoke, with kindly effect, gathered over and veiled the sight—hiding from men's gaze the cruel work of their hands.

"Bind this up, Tone. That was quick work—was it not?"

Eugene was standing beside him, whilst yet Tone was vaguely gazing through the smoke for him. There was an ugly gash in his right arm where an English cutlass point had gone through it, and it was bleeding fast.

"Hurry, Tone. The admiral is badly wounded, and I must get his directions whilst he is able to give them. Bind it up with a strip of linen. There! There, that will do."

"That was a terrible business, Eugene," said Tone, whilst he hastily bound up the wound.

"It was—short and sharp. There was not much quarter asked or given. But not different from what has gone on elsewhere in the ship."

"The English vessels must be greatly damaged?" queried Tone, as he saw his friend departing, and longed to learn some news of the results of the last two hours' work.

"They are, but none so badly as ours. She cannot fight or float much longer. The guns are all too heated to fire much more. Scarcely a fourth of our gunners are alive at their guns, and there is five feet of water in the hold. She has been struck several times under water."

"What do wou propose doing?"

"Whatever the admiral directs when I report to him. We have done all that men can do. We cannot fight much longer," said Eugene hurriedly.

"Do you suggest surrender?"

"No; I, for one, will not."

"If you cannot fight and will not surrender, what other course do you propose?"

"Blow her up! There are a hundred tons of powder yet in her magazines. That torch you hold will send her and half the enemy skyward, once I get the order."

"You are right. It is the fitting thing to do. For my part there is nothing more to be hoped for or lived for. It would be a fitting and a welcome end to my lost life and endeavors."

Eugene, his wound partially bound up, hastened away. Meantime, the lull that had accompanied and followed the attack of the boarding party was broken by a fresh outburst of commanding; and, as if from all points of the compass, a concentration of artillery fire was poured upon the Hoche without intermission—now from this side, now from that, now from all together, crashing into her sides, sweeping her decks, tearing through her portholes, killing or maiming the men and disabling the guns. Nevertheless, the unwounded of the devoted vessel stood pluckily by their guns, and when the first fierce storm of the iron whirlwind was over, rapidly charged and shotted them: the battle went on furiously as ever—Tone's battery firing steadily at the flashing portholes of the foe, the only mark they had now to guide their aim by.

"Capt Lefebre wishes to see you," said a sailor, black and grimy enough to look negro born, to Tone, just after a six inch solid shot had carried away the trunnions of his gun, completely disabling it.

"It is well I am wanted somewhere, for I am wanted here no longer," thought Tone, as he turned away with the messenger.

Eugene was kneeling on the poop, beside a form lying thereon, whom, as soon as he approached, Tone recognized as the admiral. Some sand-bags piled beside him protected his wounded form from the enemy's bullets.

"I sent for you, Tone," said Eugene hurriedly and not without some embarrassment, "to acquaint you that in the present ruined and disabled condition of the *Hoche* it is necessary to surrender."

"To surrender!" said Tone.

"The admiral orders it. There are only two courses open. To blow her up, or fight until she sinks or is stormed anew by their boarders. The admiral declares both to be against the rules of war, the ship being no longer tenable or capable of defense."

"So you propose to surrender?—when?" asked Tone, with a look of pain and mortification.

"Immediately," said Eugene, as he raised himself from where he knelt receiving the wounded admiral's directions. "There is nothing else for it. As you are the one mainly concerned with the expedition, the admiral, with his usual courtesy, even in his dangerous state, desired that you should be mode acquainted with the necessary and final step."

Leaving Tone to his reflections, he proceeded to give the necessary directions.

The guns of the *Hoche* suddenly ceased firing; a tiny white flag ran up to the top gallant yard arm; and, as it did so, the great banner of the Tricolor came slowly down!

It had hung all day above the storm cloud of battle, and as it descended from its proud position, dozens of gallant men who looked death steadily in the face closed their eyes that they should not see it. But there was never less reason for sorrow. For hours it had hung over a gallant battle against fearful odds, and it was surrendered if in defeat certainly not in dishonor.

At once, as if by magic, the firing ceased. A tremendous cheer of exultation burst from the crews of the English men of war, and in a few minutes a group of officers passed on board from one of the vessels.

Eugene advanced to meet them.

An officer, past middle age, whose breast was covered with stars and decorations, walked forward from the group.

"I am Sir John Borlase Warren," he said, bowing to Eugene, "admiral of the English fleet."

"In the stead of our Admiral Bompart, who lies wounded, I have to surrender the line of battle ship *Hoche*, of the French Republican fleet, and my sword."

"I must decline to take your sword," said the admiral, with a courteous wave of his hand. "You have fought a gallant if a reckless fight, and you shall wear it as becomes a brave and fearless officer. Where is the admiral?"

Eugene brought him to where the French admiral lay, while the remainder of the English officers scattered themselves through the ship—some to take curious note of the condition she was in after the fiery ordeal to which she had been subjected, others to look after the prisoners and their arms, and not a few, with quick intelligence, to the magazines, for it had been known that the *Hoche* carried an immense quantity of powder in her hold. The marvel was that in the terrific bombardment to which she had been subjected it had not been blown up long before. But, having been built into compartments surrounded with taks of water, any opening made by a bullet only formed the entrance for an insuah of water, which speedily demenping the explosive material negatived the effect of the projectile. There was still, however, the tremendous danger that some hand, full of revenge or desperation, might yet blow her as well as the surrounding fleet into mid air.

But there was no attempt of the kind made, or if any had been in preparation, the measures taken had been sufficiently swift to intercept them.

All the arrangements for the safety of their prize were carefully made; and when her gaping wounds were staunched and made water tight, the fleet, many of the vessels of which were terribly shattered and battered, bearing their prize away, sailed up the open waters of Lough Swilly.

The mellow sun of an autumn evening, glowing over the hills of Donegal, lit up the broad expanse of lake, and even purpled the blood stained decks with its streaks of gold.

It fell upon the black and torn sails of the Hoche, and upon her sides pitted and marked from stem to stern, from bulwark to water line, with cannon balls.

Her sails were cut into a thousand shreds; her ropes hung dangling on the derk, flapping idly in the breeze; cannon and bullet and splintered shell lay in rough profusion around; but, most awful sight of all—facing heaven, still and silent, their white teeth and white unclosed eyes looking so strange in contrast with the black and grimy appearance of their hands and faces after hours of cannonading—lay the fallen soldiers and seamen of the gallant Frenchman!

Truly against fearful odds never fought vessel more gallantly; never did Frenchmen, even in the early wars of the Revolution, show such marvelous bravery and attempt for death. Each individual officer and seaman fought with the same reckless bravery and dauntlessness as if the honor of the tricolor and the safety of France depended on himself alone.

"The last hope of Ireland, Eugene," said Tone, with swelling heart, as, having been taken on board the English vessel, he met among the crowd of officers.

"The last in our time," said the late captain of the Hoche, "but a man's life is short, whilst that of a nation is long. The years to come will bring it around again."

"It is for us the day is over," said Tone.

"I fear it is," said Eugene sympathisingly. "Then my future is void. I lived for this and this only."

"You have the consolation, my dear Tone, that you have done all that man may do. You have done better than command success—you have deserved it. But we cannot control the Fates. God holds all things in the palm of His hands, and has His own wise reasons for what happens. You have still your delightful wife and young children left you. By the by, lest the English might recognize you, would it not be well to disguise yourself in some way?"

Tone was but an inattentive listener. His mind, whilst yet his friend spoke, was otherwise employed; and the far away look in his eyes indicated that his thoughts were upon things and objects very distant.

"Take this cloak, Tone, and wrap yourself up in it. The evening is growing chilly. It will serve a double purpose."

While speaking, Eugene took from the broken trunnion of a cannon an English officer's cloak. At that moment the bugle sounded, and a number of officers came hurrying through the group, making arrangements for the landing of the prisoners, and in the confusion separating the two friends.

A tender came alongside, and Eugene was hurried on board.

But he saw Tone no more. The breeze from the hills came thin and cold, and he had had nothing to eat since morning, moreover, his wound was painful, and the loss of blood was making him feel weak. He wrapped the cloak—the cloak he had proffered Tone—around him, and sitting down on a box of ammunition, laid his arms on the breech of a cannon, his head thereon, and in a few seconds was fast asleep.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Caitlin Triall.

This is the song the singing of which by Miss Carusi at the musical festival in New York evoked such a storm of applause. It is the original air which Moore wrote "Blame Not the Bard."

I

Is mian liom tráchtadh air gach nidh le stuaim,
'Gus is mithid liom tráchtadh air Chiti na g-cuach;
'Sí an plannda breágh leinbh atá saoitheamhuil suairc,
A's a samhuil ní fhacas a m-báitibh na tuaidhe.
'Sé mo chreach maidne nar fhágadh mé,
Air bhruach Loch Eirill le fáinne an lae,
Mar shúil go bh-fághainn amharc air Caiti na g-craebh,
Mar do chuala mé teastas air bhreághachta a sgéimh'.

II

'Sé mo leun-ghuirt mar chonaire mé dúbhach no peann,
Na do chúl breágh triopallach fáinneach fionn;
Dá d-tógfadh an tighearna easbolg-sí lámh ós mo cheann,
Bheurfainn Citi an staid-bhean tár sáile liom.
Is glic í 'na 'n eala, is deirge í 'na 'n ghrian,
Is binne í 'na chuala mé de cheoltaibh a riamh;
Ní'l aon teach leann' reaca fá 'n t-sráid so shiar,
Nach n-óifaidh mé sláinte Chaitlín Triall!

III

Is truagh nach bh-fuil mesi 'gur Citi dheas chaoin
Fá chúl an toim chuilinn go n-ó'famaois braoin,
Mar shúil le Dia dhleas go d-tógfainn a croidhe;
A's go d-tabhairfinn a bhaile ó na máthair liom í.
Léigh me do litir amuigh air an t-sliabh,
Ba bhinne í 'na iomad de cheoltaibh sidhe;
Páirt mhór do m'chruadhtán gur leat chaill mé mo chiall,
'S é mór a n-aghaidh d'anam' é, a Chaitlín Triall!

[*Literal Translation.*]

I

I want to treat of everything with modesty,
And it is time for me to treat of Kitty of the curls;
She is the plant of a child that is generally civil,
And I have not seen her like in the town of the north.
It is my morning woe that I was not left
On the banks of Loch Eirrill at the dawning of day,
In hopes that I might get a sight of Kitty of the curls,
As I have heard account of the fineness of her beauty.

II

It is my misery that I saw ink or pen
Or thy fine clustering, skeiny, fair back [hair].
If the Lord Bishop would raise his hands over my head,
I would bear Kitty, the noble woman, over the sea with me.
She is fairer than the swan, she is redder than the sun,
She is sweeter than all I ever heard of music;
There is not an ale house in this street westward
In which I will not drink the health of Kitty Tyrrell!

III

Alas! that I and gentle, handsome Kitty are not
Behind a holly bush that we might drink a drop,
In expectation to the sweet Lord that I might get her heart,
And that I might take her home with me from her mother.
I read thy letter out on the mountain,
It was sweeter than much of fairy music;
A great part of my hardship is that I lost my sense with thee,
And it is much against thy soul, O Kitty Tyrrell.

Facts Worth Knowing.

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. The medical profession has been slow to learn this. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders or syringes because they are all irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons who had for years borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm.

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BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 18.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS GEN. JOHN A LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

News Notes of Interest from Washington City.

HUSTON'S SUCCESSOR APPOINTED.

Enos W. Nebeker, of Covington, Ind., Named by the President for United States Treasurer—Death of Gen. Spinola, Who Has Been Sick Since the Adjournment of Congress—A Sketch of His Life—The Italian Imbroglio.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 13.—The president Monday appointed Enos H. Nebeker, of Indiana, to be United States treasurer vice J. N. Huston resigned. Mr. Nebeker left Washington for his home in Covington, Ind., Monday afternoon. It is said to be probable that he will not assume charge of the office for some time yet, and when he does the usual formalities, such as counting the cash, including 4,500 tons of coin and hundreds of millions of notes and bonds, must be undertaken.

A Sketch of His Life.

Enos H. Nebeker was born in Fountain county, Ind., where he lived all his life, and is well known in Chicago. He is 54 years old. For twenty-six years he has resided on a farm adjoining the town of Covington, and is an extensive farmer. For a time he engaged in the building of railroads and the erection of buildings. In 1870 he was elected auditor of Fountain county, and this is the only office which he has held.

Business Interests in Chicago.

He is a director in both the banks of Covington and also in the Columbia National Bank of Chicago, and has been connected in one way or another with the banking business for about twenty years. He is a partner of Banker D. Wiggins, of Chicago. He is one of the most active politicians in Indiana and for many years has been a warm personal and political friend of President Harrison.

GEN. SPINOLA DEAD.

He Had Been Ill Since the Adjournment of Congress.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 14.—Gen. F. B. Spinola, member of the house of representatives from the Tenth district of New York, died at 1:25 o'clock Tuesday morning. He had been very ill at the Arlington hotel in this city since the adjournment of congress, and at no time had it been believed he could recover. His condition was reported to be somewhat improved on Sunday, but he suffered a relapse, from which he died. Death occurred so late that no arrangements have yet been made for the funeral and none will be until his friends in New York have been consulted.

Sketch of His Career.

Francis B. Spinola was born at Stony Brook, Suffolk county, N. Y., March 19, 1821. His father was a native of the island of Madeira and his paternal grandfather was an Italian. His mother was a native of Long Island, her father, who served as an officer in the revolutionary war, being Irish by birth. In 1860 he was a delegate to the national Democratic convention at Charleston. When the rebellion broke out he was one of the first to obey the call of President Lincoln to take arms in defense of the Union. He raised the Empire brigade of New York volunteers in 1862 and was commissioned brigadier general in October of that year. He was twice wounded in the battle of Wapping Heights in Virginia, where he led a brilliant charge by his brigade against a large force of the enemy.

The Trouble with Italy.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 14.—Two facts were added Monday to the public stock of information respecting the diplomatic entanglement with Italy growing out of the New Orleans tragedy. One of these is that the state department has not received any information from the Italian government that its last note must be answered before a given date. The second fact is that Secretary Blaine's answer to the Marquis Rudini's last note has not yet been forwarded.

Mr. Windrim's Successor.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 14.—Secretary Foster has appointed Mr. Edbrooke, of Chicago, as supervising architect of the treasury, to succeed Mr. Windrim, resigned. There was very active competition for this office, and some of the most eminent architects of the country were candidates. Mr. Edbrooke was selected on his merits. The last congress has increased the importance of this bureau, having ordered the erection of many new buildings.

Horrible Situation at Iquique.

PANAMA, April 14.—A correspondent writes from Iquique: "What is occurring in this unfortunate port is something unheard of, and leads one to believe that no civilized beings live here. The vagabonds are robbing, plundering, violating women and committing all classes of atrocities, while incendiaries are also engaged in their nefarious and villainous operations of destruction and pillage." The distress along the south coast due to the revolution is appalling.

Devilish Crime in the Choctaw Nation.

ST. LOUIS, April 14.—A special from Paris, Tex., to The Republic says: Commissioner Kirkpatrick has received information of a double crime committed a few days since in the Choctaw nation. A party of men wound up a big carouse by setting a church on fire in the neighborhood, completely destroying it. They also caught a negro woman and shot her, it is thought, to prevent her from being a witness to the arson.

Flames at a Stock Yard.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 14.—One hundred and thirty-seven head of cattle and three acres of the sheds at the East Liberty stock yards were destroyed by fire at an early hour Tuesday morning. The origin of the fire is unknown. The loss will not exceed $22,000, of which $15,000 is credited to the sheds property of the Pennsylvania railroad, and the rest to cattle. The cattle stampeded and rushed into the flames.

Whites Murdered by an Indian.

BLACKFOOT, Idaho, April 14.—A Bannock Indian from Fort Fall reservation entered an emigrant camp on Blackfoot river, one mile from the town of Blackfoot, and shot and killed two men as they sat by their camp-fire cooking their meal. The murderer then returned to the reservation and killed himself. It is believed he was insane.

THE PRESIDENT'S TRIP.

A Great Crowd of People Greet Him at Roanoke, Va.

ROANOKE, Va., April 14.—When the train bearing the presidential party arrived in Roanoke at 8:50 o'clock Tuesday morning a great crowd of people was waiting on the platform to receive it. As the train neared the city, people who had been apprised of its coming, stood along the tracks, and hundreds of employes of the Roanoke Machine works stood on cars and fences and cheered a welcome. The people on the platform were packed in a dense mass and outside the fence enclosing the tracks crowds gathered in an endeavor to catch a glimpse of the chief magistrate. As the train came to a stand still the president appeared on the rear platform and was greeted with cheers. Mrs Harrison, Postmaster General Wanamaker, Mrs. McKee, Mrs. Russell Harrison and Marshal Ransdell also stood on the platform and they appeared much amused at the efforts of the crowd to shake the president's hand.

Made a Few Remarks.

The president smiled and laughed as he reached down over the railing, grasping hand after hand in quick succession. Then a cry of "Speech, speech," was set up, and the president, leaning on the railing of the platform, made a few remarks touching the increasing prosperity of Virginia. The speech was received with much enthusiasm, and as the train drew out of the station more cheers were given by the crowd. The run during the night was uneventful. At Lynchburg, where the train arrived at 6:45 o'clock, about a hundred people assembled and inspected the train with much interest. At Bedford City the coming of the train had evidently been expected and several hundred people gathered on the platform, but the president did not make his appearance.

WILL NOT TALK POLITICS.

Kansas City Crowded with Delegates to the Commercial Congress.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 14.—The hotels are crowded with delegates to the states commercial congress, and additional delegates are arriving on every train. It promises to be one of the most notable assemblages of the kind ever held in the United States. Under the original idea the congress was to have been composed of delegates from the eighteen great agricultural states of the Mississippi valley, but at the solicitation of Mississippi and Alabama, these two states were authorized to send delegates. Delegations have been appointed by the legislatures of nine states and representative citizens by the governors of the others.

Some of the Speakers.

Among those who will address the congress are: Senators Stewart and Ingalls, Congressman Mills and Dockery, and Messrs. Warner of Ohio and Ignatius Donnelly of Minnesota. Talk among the delegates indicates that the convention will be purely non-partisan, and that no political discussions will be permitted. The story that the ulterior object of the congress is to win back the farmers of the states represented to the Republican party is emphatically repudiated. Every subject to be discussed is of interest to the north and south and east and west alike.

Gresham for the Presidency.

TOPEKA, Kan., April 13.—S. W. Chase, chairman of the people's party state central committee in the last campaign, returned to Topeka Tuesday morning after having made an extended tour among the principal Alliances in the state. Speaking of the third party movement and the campaign of 1892 he said: "Judge Walter Q. Gresham, of Indiana, will be the Alliance candidate for president and will consequently be the next occupant of the White House. Sentiment among Alliance men in Kansas is gradually centering upon him and the opinion is becoming general that he is the most available man. He is with us on all the leading issues."

Proctor Wants To Be Senator.

BURLINGTON, Vt., April 14.—The Free Press prints a special dispatch from Washington City in which Secretary Proctor says that the interview telegraphed from Omaha, Neb., which appeared in Friday's papers, stating that he was not a candidate for the senatorship from Vermont to succeed Senator Edmunds, is a fabrication. Secretary Proctor said that the announcement of his candidacy was authorized and if he was appointed to the vacancy he would accept.

Death of Bishop Gilmour.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, April 14.—The Rt. Rev. Richard Gilmour, bishop of the Catholic diocese of Cleveland, died at 7:30 o'clock Monday evening at St. Augustine, Fla., where he had gone in the hope of regaining his health, which has been poor for more than a year. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, Sept. 28, 1824; was ordained Aug. 30, 1852, and became bishop April 14, 1872. Before coming to Cleveland he had charges at Ironton, Cincinnati and Dayton

In an Unpleasant Predicament.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., April 14.—Mayor Sargent officiated at a marriage in the city hall Saturday, and he is now unpleasantly confronted with the information that he has no power to tie nuptial knots, and that the marriage is consequently void. The contracting parties were a man named Augell and Marie Morgan. After the ceremony the couple went away, and are probably unaware that they are not married according to the laws of Connecticut.

A Cowardly Assassination.

VIENNA, Ills., April 14.—James H. Arnott, a well-known citizen of this county, was assassinated Monday morning at 10 o'clock, one mile west of here, while walking along the public road from this city. He was shot from a cabin door about forty feet from the road with a shot-gun filled with buckshot. Burk Stanley and his son Edward, who live in that neighborhood, have been arrested charged with the crime.

Threw 100 Men Out of Work.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., April 14.—The Pettit mill, with a capacity of 1,800 barrels of flour per day, has shut down, throwing 100 men out of employment. It was rumored that this action was a result of a combination.

Five Train Hands Killed.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., April 14.—A freight train collided with a work train on the Asheville and Spartanburg road between Tyron City and Melrose. Five colored train hands were killed and several others hurt.

BOLD EXPRESS ROBBERY

Two Murders Committed for a Small Sum.

WORK OF HIGHWAYMEN IN MEXICO.

They Attack an Express Wagon, Kill Two Men, and Escape with Their Ill-Gotten Gains—A Negro Sentenced to Death for Rape in West Virginia—Double Tragedy in Arkansas—Two Farmers Arrested for Stealing a Barn.

ST. LOUIS, April 13.—A dispatch from Eagle Pass, Tex., says: Word has just been received here of a terrible tragedy which took place near Lerdo, on the Mexican Central road. The other evening, after the arrival of the south-bound train, Juan Roderiques, a clerk, with the driver and porter, started in a wagon with the express matter for the company's office at Lerdo, a town three miles distant.

The Driver Killed Instantly.

As the wagon made a sharp turn in the road about a mile from the town, some dozen men concealed in the bushes fired a volley on the clerk and his two companions. At the same instant several mounted men charged upon the wagon. The driver fell dead from his seat, but Roderiques and the porters though wounded, managed to get off. The clerk made straight for Lerdo at his utmost speed, and fell dead just as he reached the gate of the municipal custom house. The band captured the wagon and made away with the entire contents, which fortunately included less than $400 in money.

OTHER CRIMES.

Arrested for Stealing a Barn.

GRAND FORKS, N. D., April 13.—John Marble and William Rogers, farmers north of here, have been arrested on the somewhat remarkable charge of stealing a barn belonging to Joseph Murphy. From evidence adduced it appears that Murpay impounded two cows belonging to Marble and Rogers and refused to give up the animals except on receipt of payment for damages done by them. The owners of the cattle waited until nightfall to get even. About midnight they came back with three teams and dragged the barn entirely off the Murphy farm.

Swift Southern Justice.

CHARLESTON, W. V., April 13.—Last Wednesday evening Sim Johnson, a negro 18 years old, criminally assaulted Alice Bailey, a white girl 16 years old, near this city. He was put in jail here that night and indicted Thursday. His trial began Friday, and the verdict of the jury was reached Saturday, finding him guilty. At noon he was sentenced to hang May 8 next.

Killed While Making an Arrest.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., April 13.—A terrible tragedy was enacted near Pinnacle Springs. M. S. Good, who was charged with forgery in Nebraska, killed James P. Paxton, the officer who was trying to arrest him. Good was again captured by two men. He fought like a tiger and was mortally wounded.

Double Murder in Wisconsin.

WAUKESHA, Wis., April 13.—At 10 o'clock Friday night Christian Preise, aged 75, and his wife, aged 72, were found lying on the floor of their home, the wife dead and the husband dying. It is supposed to be a double murder.

Two Negroes Hanged.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 13.—Century Butler and Hampton Nelson were hanged at Sumter Friday for the murder of Capt. John Maxey in January last. They both protested their innocence to the last.

SOLEMN MASONIC SERVICE.

Midnight Ceremonies Over the Body of Gen. Albert Pike.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 10.—At midnight Thursday Masonic ceremonies over the remains of Gen. Albert Pike were held in the First Congregational church with great solemnity. At about 10:30 members of Albert Pike consistory conveyed the body from the Scottish Rite cathedral, where it had lain in state, to the church. Masons occupied the entire floor of the auditorium, and the public could only get into the galleries. The church had been draped. A temporary platform had been erected, and on this stood the principal participators in the services of the Knights' Kadosh.

Disaster on the Rail.

PITTSBURG, Pa., April 13.—The westbound passenger train which leaves this city for Cleveland, Ohio, at 12:05 a. m., ran into a landslide at Vanport, Pa., twenty-five miles west of here, shortly after 1 o'clock, derailing the locomotive, baggage and mail cars. The baggage car is said to have gone over an embankment. Details of the accident have not yet been received in this city, but it is reported that four trainmen and a number of passengers were injured. George Liebtage, the engineer, and W. E. Brown, fireman, are said to have been so badly scalded that they will die.

G. A. R. Men After Italians.

RONDOUT, N. Y., April 13.—The Pratt post, G. A. R., has appointed a committee to investigate the recent Italian outrage at Lefevre Falls, where several Italians employed at the cement quarry hoisted an American flag to the top of a pole and riddled it with bullets in retaliation for the New Orleans tragedy. The Ulster veterans are determined, if possible, to bring these men to justice and will procure the evidence in the affair and lay it before the district attorney.

Met a Terrible Death.

MILWAUKEE, April 13.—Joseph Hammen, an employe in the Schlitz brewery, met a horrible death by falling into a vat of boiling water. When he was missed the water was drawn off and his parboiled body found in the bottom of the vat. How the accident occurred is not known, and the coroner will hold an inquest. Hammen was 30 years old and leaves a wife and five young children.

Bayard's Daughter a Widow.

WILMINGTON, Del., April 13.—The death of Count Lewenhaupt is announced. He was recently married to Miss Bayard, daughter of Secretary Bayard. His death occurred Monday morning. The wedding of Count Lewenhaupt took place about ten days ago.

Perished in a Hotel Fire.

WINTERS, Cal., April 13.—The Occidental hotel here was burned and one of the guests, P. H. Ray, perished in the flames.

GREAT BLAZE AT CHICAGO.

Several Business Blocks on Madison Street Destroyed—A Heavy Loss.

CHICAGO, April 13.—At 4:05 o'clock Sunday fire started under the stage in Kohl & Middleton's West Side Dime museum on Madison street and before it was taken in control by the fire department it had destroyed the immense furniture establishment of John M. Smyth, Kohl & Middleton's museum, and five other five-story business blocks, and damaged several of the adjacent structures. A low estimate to place on the loss is $1,250,000. Several persons were injured during the progress of the fire. A boy named Gamble fell through a hole in a shed on which he was standing and was killed. The burned buildings were situated on opposite sides of the street.

Fatal Fire at Omaha.

OMAHA, Neb., April 13.—The Paxton hotel of this city was partially destroyed by fire Sunday night. Pipeman Mulvihill's skull was crushed by a falling wall and he was taken out dead. Capt. Carter and Pipemen McGuire and Downs were badly injured and may not recover. Great difficulty was experienced in rescuing the guests, several hundred of whom had gone to bed. B. F. Rosswell, of Chicago, nearly lost his life by suffocation. The hotel was one of the largest in the west, and the damage amounts to $25,000.

LATER.—Capt. Carter died Monday morning. The other injured are resting easy.

KINCAID ACQUITTED.

The Slayer of Ex-Congressman Taulbee Is a Free Man.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 9.—The case of Charles E. Kincaid, the newspaper correspondent indicted for the shooting of ex Representative Taulbee, of Kentucky, in February, 1890, which has been on trial in the district criminal court for the last few weeks, was given to the jury Wednesday afternoon. After being out nearly three hours they returned a verdict of "not guilty." When the foreman of the jury announced the verdict many of the defendant's friends rose from their seats, but the judge cautioned them and the verdict was received quietly. Kincaid then walked to the jury box and heartily shook the hand of each juror, thanking them for their verdict. Kincaid then left the court room and was soon surrounded by many of his friends, who warmly congratulated him on the happy termination of the trial.

CHARLES E. KINCAID.

QUIET IN THE COKE REGION.

The Eighteenth Regiment Leaves for Home—Strikers' Convention.

MT. PLEASANT, Pa., April 13.—The Eighteen regiment of the N. G. P. left the coke region at 12 o'clock Saturday afternoon. The Tenth regiment will remain in the field, and will be redistributed at important points. The return of the troops causes very little anxiety, as it is now generally considered that the troubles are over and that the Tenth regiment will be able to cope with any possible outbreak. General Manager Lynch, of the Frick company, says that the strikers are virtually defeated and reports the Jimtown, Adelaide and other plants operating in full. They have all the ovens in operation they desire at present.

The Strikers' Convention.

The special convention of the strikers at Scottdale resumed business Saturday morning. They are in executive session and what they have accomplished has not yet been made known. About $500 of the defense fund is being distributed among the destitute families of the strikers.

JUMPED THE TRACK.

Fatal Accident on the Wisconsin Central Road Near Vernon, Wis.

MILWAUKEE, April 9.—The engine of freight train No. 25, north-bound, on the Wisconsin Central road, jumped the track near Vernon, at 12:30 Thursday morning. It ran on a bridge near by, and then tipped over, pinioning Dan McMullen, engineer; B. A. Moore, fireman, and Peter Seipp, a brakeman, beneath the wreck. All were terribly scalded. Moore died a few hours later and the others will probably die. The homes of all are at Waukesha. Soft track, as a result of the frost coming out caused the accident. Fourteen cars were wrecked.

LATER.—Engineer McMullen and Prter Seipp have since died.

End of the G. A. R. Encampment.

DECATUR, Ills., April 13.—For a week past Decatur has been the Mecca for all devotees of the Grand Army of the Republic. Here the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the order was celebrated. Friday afternoon the business meetings were concluded and the delegates began leaving for their homes. Friday the department officers were elected. Horace Clark, of Mattoon, and P. C. Fullerton have been campaigning for the commander-ship all the week. The politicians thought Fullerton would win, but they missed the mark. Clark developed a strength that surprised every one, and when the ballots were counted Friday it was found that he had received 547 votes to 399 for Fullerton.

Will Resume the Fight.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 13.—It is now stated that the American Live Stock Commission company is to resume its fight on a huge scale in a few days. The company is preparing to sue the Kansas City live stock exchange for $250,000 damages. The company was expelled from membership in the Chicago, St. Louis, and Kansas City exchanges. In Chicago and St. Louis it was permitted to do business through other firms, but in this city members of the exchange were not permitted to handle their stock.

Apaches Getting Restless.

SANTA FE, N. M., April 9.—News received from southeastern Arizona states that the White mountain Apaches are very restless, and it is feared that they will go on the warpath. They are having much trouble among themselves, there being some shooting or cutting scrapes daily, and a general feeling of uneasiness prevails which bodes no good to settlers in that part of the southwest.

Collier Again Confined.

CHICAGO, April 13.—Frank Collier, the erratic lawyer, was lodged in the detention hospital Monday. Mr. Collier resigned himself to his fate and was given the freedom of the male ward.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Capt. Pratt, of Atlanta, Ga., committed suicide at Milledgeville, Ga. He had just committed his wife to an insane asylum at that place, and was crazed by grief.

Secretary Blaine has ordered the cruiser San Francisco to Chili and the Charleston to Honolulu in anticipation of trouble in Hawaii.

One hundred and four more men have arrived at Ashland, Wis., and joined the line at the land office, waiting until the Omaha lands are thrown open to settlers.

Plenty Horses, the Indian who shot Lieut. Casey at Pine Ridge, S. D., has been taken to Sioux Falls for trial.

The Louisville (Ky.) Public Warehouse company has brought suit to secure an interpretation of a clause in the McKinley bill under which reimported whisky is taxed.

At Burgoon, Ohio, Mrs William Murphy locked herself in a room, took a dose of carbolic acid, and cut her throat. She tried to drown herself a week ago by jumping into a cistern.

In a quarrel over position in the line formed at the Ashland, Wis., land office, Nick Flynn shot Dan Mahoney.

Owing to old age, the Rev. William Salter, D. D., has resigned the pastorate of the Congressional church at Burlington, Iowa, after continuous service of forty-eight years.

John Cunningham won the seven-day sleep fast in Detroit, Mich.

Baltimore, New York and Boston are preparing to send samples of goods to Brazil to stimulate trade.

At Dallas, Tex., the grand jury returned 125 indictments against P. P. Martines, agent of the Louisiana Lottery company. He says he will quit the business.

J. A. Thomas, a prominent lawyer of Baltimore, was arrested for forging a set of books ordered to be produced in court.

The house of the Rev. P. W. Clampett, in Springfield, Ills., was robbed by burglars of $1,900 worth of jewelry and silverware.

The Erie canal will not be opened for navigation before May 1.

B. McPhillips, aged 81, a pioneer resident of Schapville, Ills., got lost in the woods near his home and died from exposure.

The waters of the river Seine have been restocked with 40,000 California salmon.

Gen. Boulanger has taken a small house in a suburb of Brussels. He will live there permanently.

Emile Zola, the novelist, has been elected president of the Societe des Gens de Lettres.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to wreck a Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western passenger train near Centerville, Wis. No clew to the wreckers.

Count Herbert Bismarck, according to The Galignani Messenger, recently lost $70,000 in the Nice clubs.

Marlin Brown, a 66-year-old longshoreman, died in New York of hunger.

Ten diseased and pauper immigrants from Russia were refused entry at New York.

Senator Edmunds in a newspaper interview said one of the features of the present political outlook was the indication that the Farmers' Alliance, by carrying certain Republican states, might throw the election of president into the house of representatives, which would result in the choice of a Democrat.

The Confederate Veteran Association of New Orleans decorated the graves of their former comrades Monday.

Dr. Nicholas Senn, of Milwaukee, has been appointed professor in the Rush Medical college in Chicago. He takes the place made vacant by the death of Dr. C. T. Parkes.

A syndicate has been formed in London with a capital of £120,000 to develop petroleum wells at Mancora, Peru.

The suit of T. L. Long against the Pennsylvania railroad to recover for a trunk lost in the Connemaugh flood, was decided against him in Philadelphia. The judge said the trunk was lost as the result of "an act of God."

Adam Price, of Virginia, Ills., has recovered $100 damages against James Crawford and Joseph Dunbar for the detention of his daughter over night in a livery barn.

Watterson editorially gives notice to New York Democrats that hereafter they will have to keep their hands off the Democrats of the west and the south, for they "do not mean to stand any more 'd——n nonsense.'"

Charles Shreve, aged 80, of Lincoln, Ills., hanged himself in his brother's barn.

Charles Johnson, a professional thief of Brooklyn, was captured at Louisville, Ky. He had in his possession the jewelry stolen from Mrs. Chapman Coleman at Frankfort, Ky., valued at $2,500.

The Boston theater narrowly escaped burning. After the matinee an actor stepped on a match on the stage. The snow scene for "Midnight Bell" was on and the cotton used to represent the snow immediately burst into flames.

American association games played Thursday resulted as follows: Boston 8, Baltimore 7; Athletics 8, Washington 1; Louisville 13, Columbus 6. No game at St. Louis on account of rain.

The R. E. Lee camp of Confederate veterans, of Richmond, has recommended April 26 as a day on which to commemorate the memory of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

Fred Hundley, 18 years of age, was sentenced to fourteen years in the penitentiary at Huron, S. D., for shooting his father over a quarrel in putting down a carpet last summer.

William W. Miller, a lieutenant in the Salvation Army, drew $860 back pay pension and deserted his wife at Hamilton, Ohio.

During a furious rain and thunder storm at Princeton, Ills., the wife of August Gustafson, a farmer, was instantly killed by a stroke of lightning.

The Kansas City Packing company, which failed last November and which has since been reorganized with a capital stock of $2,000,000, and is now styled the "Phœnix Packing company," has resumed active operations at Kansas City.

The Postal Telegraph company is about to absorb the Michigan Postal Telegraph company.

Mrs Frank Leslie having announced her purpose to befriend her sex in the provisions of her will receives multitudinous applications from every source to hurry up and do it now.

Steps were taken at Philadelphia for the formation of a copper trust that in extent and importance promises to eclipse the sugar trust.

Speculators are said to be buying all the hay that is in Minnesota, expecting a hay famine.

Recent reports from British Columbia give most favorable accounts as to mineral developments. The most remarkable so far is the discovery of gold near Lytton, the ore giving on assay 9,000 ounces to the ton.

Harry Kauffmann committed suicide by taking arsenic at Lancaster, Pa. His brother died in the same manner ten days ago. They had agreed to die together.

The funeral of Governor Fowle, of North Carolina, took place at Raleigh, and was attended with great ceremony.

Cyclones, hail and rain storms are reported throughout western Missouri and Kansas.

At Fairbury, Ills., the body of a 6 weeks' old infant was found under a small bridge. There is no clew to its parentage.

Ann Baker, colored, of Jackson, Miss., has confessed to murdering her husband because he made her cook breakfast too early.

The election at Oklahoma City resulted in the election of a straight Democratic ticket.

The Freemason who succeeds Gen. Albert Pike as the highest dignitary of the order in this country is James Cunningham Batchelor, M. D., of New Orleans, lieutenant grand commander of the grand consistory of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite in the sourthern jurisdiction

The strikers in the Connellsville coke region held a convention and passed resolutions to fight to the end.

While Wilson Campbell, of Otego township, Ills., was out feeding his stock thieves entered the house and stole $300 in cash.

John H. Kincle, just admitted to the bar at Savannah, Ga., is the first negro allowed to practice in that state.

E. T. Buchanan, of Arkansas City, Kan., claims to have located a vein of gold-bearing quartz within fifty miles of that city.

Five thousand brotherhood carpenters in the Pittsburg district have decided to strike for eight hours a day May 1.

A destructive wind and rain storm visited Monticello, Ills., leveling fences and blowing down trees.

The council of the Irish National League of America, in session at Cincinnati, adopted resolutions urging harmony between the factions in Ireland, and suggesting Parnell's presence at a convention to be held in Baltimore, Md., not later than September next.

The Manceiona, Mich., handle factory was destoyed by fire, throwing fifty men out of employment. Loss, $17,000; insurance, $6,000.

At Kearney, Neb., Daniel McLaughlin was crushed to death by a cave-in from a tunnel at the electric power station. He leaves a family of eight small children in destitute circumstances.

William Nolan, of Cresco, Iowa, township, quarreled with Robert Bowman about hauling some hay and they fought with hay hooks. Nolan may not recover.

A systematic attempt to burglarize the town of Bement, Ills., Piatt county, resulted in five business houses being broken into an one safe opened.

Capt. Abraham Anderson, of Racine, Wis., who had been a captain on the lakes for the past twenty years, died of la grippe at Frankfort, Mich.

Charles W. Markle, 22 years of age, of West Hurley, N. Y., has become insane from reading sensational fiction. The heroine of his last novel was too much for him, and he went wild over her charms.

A. T. Buchanan, a miners, has created considerable excitement in Arkansas City, by claiming to have discovered gold in the Cherokee strip, forty miles south of that city.

The governor of Illinois has applied to the treasury department for the refund of the direct tax paid by the state, amounting to $674,556.

Reinold Paschke, of Kenosha, Wis., was run over and killed by a switch engine.

The first span of the new bridge across the Mississippi river at Fulton, Ills., is in place.

Jacob Cassidy, of Little Rock, Ark., tried to kill his wife and was stopped by William Smith. In the row which followed Smith was fatally injured. Cassidy has been arrested.

A four-winged duck was hatched a short time ago at Bar Harbor, Me.

A Chattanooga dentist lost a valuable diamond ring the other day in a curious manner. He was examining the back teeth of a patient, when the ring slipped down the latter's throat. The ring has not yet been recovered.

At Waukesha, Wis., Christian Buess and his wife were asphyxiated by escaping gas from the parlor stove.

There were ninety-one immigrants, principally Italians, debarred from landing at the barge offices in New York during the last week. Twenty three of them escaped into port, however, and one was released on bonds issued by his friends.

A mad dog passed through Clinton Ohio, one week ago, and since then twenty-one dogs that were bitten have had to be killed, as well as several flocks of sheep.

A clergyman at Pittsburg, Pa., advised his congregation to use whisky moderately to keep off the grip.

A man has been arrested at Gate City, Wash., for stealing a saw-mill and carting it twenty miles.

A home for broken down bachelors has been founded in St. Louis.

The commissioners of the Georgia negro college have decided on Savannah for the location of the college. That city gives a large tract of land in the suburbs and $15,000.

The John Steinmuth Jewelry company, of Helena, Mont., has assigned. Assets will cover liabilities.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

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THE CITIZEN.

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CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months..... 1.25
Single Copies..... 05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each..... 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, APRIL 18, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The Middleman."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Jefferson-Florence Comedy Co.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — "The Tar and the Tartar."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Charles Frohman's Co. "Men and Woman."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Trip to Chinatown."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union —"Fashions and Fitzsimmons."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"OBSERVER," City.—The private concerns of the candidate in question do not interest the public. The latter has only to do with his political career.

"EX-CONFEDERATE," City.—Our information is that Gen. Patrick Cleburne, of the Rebel army, was a Protestant. Therefore, the editor mentioned was wrong in placing him in the list of great Catholic warriors. We are further informed that Gen. Cleburne had not a particle of sympathy with the Irish national cause. If we have been misinformed, our columns are open to any writer who may have knowledge of Gen. Cleburne's sentiments during his lifetime. All writers, North and South, agree in saying that he was both an able and a heroic officer.

"OLD 69TH," City.—The late Gen. Meagher's only son, Thomas Francis Meagher, Jr., is now a resident of San Francisco, Cal. A letter addressed to the general post office of that city would find him.

"SHIN FANE," St. Louis.—Most contemporaneous poetry is bad, but some is worse. Long poems seem to be out of date. Your effort would occupy a full page of this paper. Please remember that life is short and composition dear.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY GEHENNA.

The president and council of the Irish National League of America have been holding executive sessions in Cincinnati, but they do not seem to have arrived at any definite conclusion regarding the present serious situation of affairs in Ireland. They have recommended the holding of a convention at Baltimore, not later than September of this year. They have not defined how the the convention is to be composed, or what its main object is to be. That it is meant to be friendly to Mr. Parnell is evidenced by the fact that that gentleman and other Irish members of parliament are requested to be present.

There can be no question in the mind of any impartial man who reads the news from Ireland that Mr. Parnell, whatever his failings, really represents all that is truly national on Irish soil. He has committed some mistakes, it is true, and he dared entirely too much both in North Kilkenny and North Sligo, where clerical influence was known to be strongly against him. As we have been nearly a generation absent from the Irish shore, we had fondly hoped that the masses of the Irish people had grown independent of the clergy in politics, but we are brought face to face with the fact that they are not even as independent as they were twenty years ago, when they elected O'Donovan Rossa in Tipperary and John Martin in Louth. They have, evidently, lost the moral stamina which the Fenian movement gave them, and they are rapidly falling back again into the deep worn rut of Whig dependency and moral as well as physical slavery.

Agitation can never reform a nation so circumstanced. The rust of the chain is upon her soul, as well as upon her limbs, and heroic measures alone can restore the patient to her normal strength. The Irish agitators of the present day are doing all that in them lies to bring the Irish name, and the Irish cause, into universal contempt. We may as well face the naked facts. Parnell has been wronged and persecuted, it is true, but it is doubtful whether he can serve either his country or himself by helping to enact such scenes of riot and political insanity as have recently disgraced election proceedings in Ireland. He has right and principle on his side, it is true, but the world, nevertheless, views the whole wretched business in the light of a prolonged factious brawl.

Already the hereditary enemies of the Irish people are benefitting by the curse of disunion, and the farmers of Ireland themselves, both great and small, appear to be losing heart. The American money supply is virtually cut off, and will remain so while the miserable quarrel lasts. THE CITIZEN is not surprised to read the following in recent dispatches from Ireland:

"DUBLIN, April 11.—A sensation has been produced throughout the county of Limerick by the action of the tenants of the Glensharold estate, in abandoning the plan of campaign, which they adopted with great expectations two years ago. For a time funds poured in from other parts of Ireland and from America whenever the contesting tenants needed assistance, and the prospects seemed bright for the successes of the movement. The tenants after a plucky fight had already found themselves reduced to poverty, when the final blow came with the outbreak of the Parnell leadership quarrel. For the past four months they have not received a farthing from any outside source, and they are on the verge of starvation, many deaths among them being in fact directly traceable to lack of sufficient food. The men at last announced that they could no longer see their wives and children suffer, and that they would submit to the inevitable. Today, therefore, a delegation of the tenants waited upon the agents of the estate and requested to be admitted to their former holdings upon the owners' terms."

The tenants on the estate mentioned made a good fight according to the Plan of Campaign, and THE CITIZEN is sorry that they have been compelled to surrender at last. But what can be expected of the poor fellows? They are men, with the average feelings of men, and cannot behold with indifference the privations and sufferings of their wives and little children. While the accursed "eloquence" of Irish "leaders" is being directed against each other in Dublin, Cork, Kilkenny and Sligo, the poor people are left to their own resources, and, very naturally, again fall back into the bottomless pit of unmitigated landlordism. They surrender at discretion, and their enemies have never been known to show mercy. However, as between death by starvation in a "relief cabin," with no resources to sustain a desperate struggle, and the miserable respite which even robber landlordism affords them, it is only natural that the hapless creatures should choose the latter alternative as the less deadly of the two. To this pass has O'Connellism, Sharman Crawfordism, Isaac Buttism and Irish Parliamentary Partyism reduced a people who, less than a hundred years ago, were considered formidable enemies in the field by the best generals and the best troops of England.

Did ever gulf so black present itself to the eyes of any people since Titus conquered Jerusalem? The English Tories grind them. The English Whigs foot them. The English Radicals jeer at them. The hierarchy and clergy drive them, like a flock of sheep, to the polls to vote against the miserable remnant of their political independence. The Orangemen curse them. The world at large either derides or despises them, but still, to their destruction, the merry war and devil's work of faction keep up with vigor unabated! Did "rebellion," in its bloodiest days, visit upon them such evils? O'Neill has left them the proud memory, now sadly obscured by clouds of intervening shame, of Clontibret, Armagh and the Yellow Ford. O'Donnell bequeathed them Curlew Pass and Ballyshannon. Owen Roe, Benburb. Sarsfield, Ballineety and the breach of Limerick; Father Murphy, Oulart, Enniscorthy and Wexford Town. Young Ireland gave them its genius; Fenianism its martyrs—agitation only ruin, beggary and national disgrace. These are facts of history, not empty assertions.

Is it wise, then, to longer pursue a system that bears but a crop of upas trees? Is it not time to pursue some other course, and to turn our backs—all of us of the Irish race—on the shams and frauds and factions that have made us the sport of England and scorn of the rest of the world? The American Irish have still the power to turn the tide, and, if a convention is to be held, it should be held by a class of men who are willing to do more than merely prolong the disagreeable writhings of parliamentary agitation—the path of which is marked by broken covenants, crowded famine graves, corruption stained robes of "judicial" ermine, and the bones of "moral" movements macerated by the acids of Irish faction and English iniquity.

MORAL DECOMPOSITION OF PARNELL'S FOES.

Three of Mr. Parnell's "most virtuous" enemies have experienced a fall from grace within the last week. One is William Henry Hurlbert, formerly of the New York *World*, and now correspondent for another Gotham paper, who is charged by Miss Evelyn, an actress, with having seduced her under promise of marriage, Hurlbert, who assumed the name of Murray, as she alleges, being, at the time of the proposal and seduction, a married man. Mr. Hurlbert, of all the American journalists in London, has been loudest in denunciation of Mr. Parnell, because of the allegations made against him in the O'Shea divorce case. The revelations in the case of Evelyn Hurlbert are the reigning scandal in London, and throughout Great Britain, just now.

Then there is the great, highly moral Major Verney, M.P., a leader of the Exeter Hall coterie, a strong supporter of Gladstone, and a bosom friend of the saintly Morley, who is charged with having, through the instrumentality of a base procuress, sought to corrupt the virtue of a young girl. He also was among the loudest in his denunciation of Mr. Parnell. He is now a fugitive beyond the seas, and a man utterly disgraced in the eyes of those who formerly respected him.

Following fast in the tracks of Verney, comes Major De Cobain, an Orange member of parliament from one of the Ulster constituencies. He is charged with a crime so foul that it cannot even be hinted at in a decent paper or in modest society. It is *the* crime accursed of God in the Book of Genesis. De Cobain has also gone beyond the seas to associate with kindred spirits, such as Lord Algernon Somerset, son of the Duke of Beaufort, in Belgium.

The following dispatch bears strongly on the cases of the two "unspeakable" majors:

"LONDON, April 14.—The Parnellites are openly exulting over the besmirching of Verney and De Cobain, than whom no more typical opponents of the Irish leader could be found. The *Freeman's Journal* gleefully recalls the fact that Verney was one of the most rampant of Mr. Stead's 'Social Purity' party. Verney protested his own virtue to an extent that is now remembered with disgust. In a speech during the last session of parliament he boasted that he was a man of blameless life and intimated that he had a right to criticise the common frailties of mankind, being superior to them himself. The non-Conformists who have been severe in condemning the Parnellites for the sins of their leader are considerably chagrined over the downfall of De Cobain and Verney."

And on top of all this comes the strong announcement that Justin McCarthy is a pronounced agnostic, while his son, Justin Huntley McCarthy, has become a "convert" to Buddahism. Truly, with such an array of decomposed "morality" and extraordinary beliefs on the side of Parnell's enemies, the Irish hierarchy and clergy, who have banded themselves against that gentleman, must find themselves in anything but fragrant company. While pure and saintly themselves, the odor of sanctity does not cling with any degree of obstinate adhesiveness to the skirts of their political allies.

JOHN M. SMYTH.

The readers of THE CITIZEN, who read with regret of the burning out of the great furniture store of John M. Smyth, on West Madison street, will learn with pleasure that that enterprising gentleman will carry on his business as usual, a short distance from the old site, in rented quarters, until his new furniture palace is built on the ruins of the old place, so popular with all who dealt there. Mr. Smyth has sustained a heavy loss, but his business pluck is equal to every emergency, and, within less than a year, nobody will ever know that he lost a cent by the recent fierce conflagration. THE CITIZEN bids Mr. Smyth good speed.

DIFFERENCE IN EFFECTS OF HUNGER.

Starvation tames some people. Others it renders fierce. Hunger makes the Irishman a moral as well as a physical wreck. It makes the Englishman, the Frenchman, the Italian, the Pole and the Indian fight to the death. The empty-stomached Irishmen, filled with a utopian spirit of patience, engendered by a false system of alleged reasoning which forbids him to do battle for his existence, dies quietly in some ditch or hovel, hoping, like Byron's hermit, "to merit heaven by making earth a hell." The Englishman arms himself with a bludgeon and marches through London shouting "Bread or Blood!" The Frenchman dons the cap of liberty, rushes on the Bastile and takes it with naked hands. The Italian makes Naples or Palermo red with the fires of his wrath. The Pole makes even the stolid Russian quake in "leaguered Warsaw." The Red Indian, fighting at odds of one to fifty, buries his tomahawk in the skull of his oppressor and nangs the scalp of the post trader on the poles of his tepee! The Englishman grows fat. The Frenchman drinks wine and eats good bread. The Italian eats macaroni, meat and cheese. The Pole has his fill of the fat of the land that bore him, even though it is rent by the double headed eagle. The Red Indian's stomach sticks out like a bay window, and striking it proudly he cries, "Bad Indian, heap belly. Good Indian, no belly." Neither the Englishman, nor the Frenchman, nor the Italian, nor the Pole, nor the Red Indian wastes any time in running after the government officials or their relatives to thank them for what they gave, because they had to.

Now comes from Ireland the news of Lady Lieutenant Zetland's tour through Connacht and Ulster—the distressed districts thereof—which would seem to have been meanly triumphal. Her *aide de camp* was Miss Balfour, sister of the secretary at Dublin Castle. The people, we are told, rushed out to bless and cheer the brace of Saxon females mentioned. Poor innocent slaves! They should have remembered that not a loaf of bread or a meal of potatoes would have reached them, had not the American committee, formed by Charles A. Dana, and other benevolent gentlemen, in New York and throughout the Union, shamed the earl of Zetland and Secretary Balfour into begging relief, which the government should have granted, from British men and women, much more humane than their government. THE CITIZEN would not, for a moment, counsel the unfortunate Irish people of the impoverished sea coast and island districts, to be ungrateful to the generous souls—even though they are English—who subscribed for their relief, but it would counsel them not to get down on their knees to thank Zetland's wife and Balfour's sister for benefits derived from others. It would also counsel them to remember that some of the aristocratic donors of the relief fund only gave back a small part of the tribute paid them for centuries, in the shape of unjust rents, by the Irish tenants at will. Gratitude should not be misplaced. The Red Indians know how to manage these things better than the simple fisher folk of Donegal and Achill Island.

THE BASE NEW YORK "HERALD."

One of the most disgraceful articles that ever appeared in an American paper, was printed in the free trade New York *Herald* of April 13. The article wes as untruthful as it was wantonly insulting to the nation without whose assistance America could never have shaken off the yoke of England. The reader will have a good idea of the animus of the article by reading the sub-heading, which runs as follows: "The Anglo Saxon race versus the Latin race. A lesson from history showing how a Latin nation, supposing the United States to be too weak to offer a great resistance, ventured to capture American ships without reason, and brought on a naval war that resulted finally in her own discomfiture. How France carried things with a high hand at sea until Commodore Truxton in the Constellation captured the French frigate l'Insurgente in a hard fought action of an hour."

This disgraceful article in the New York *Herald* would not be so bad were it not, in a measure, true. It is a fact that France did seize a number of American ships in 1793 4; but the New York *Herald* must know that it states a falsehood when it says that the reason France seized American ships was because America would not join her in a war against England. France never expected or asked that this country would join her in a war against England; all she asked was the use of our harbors for her ships in time of war, and our aid should an attack be make on her West Indian possessions. Owing to English influence, America broke her treaty with France, and the latter country had no recourse—when we refused her even money indemnity for broken treaties—but to seize our shipping. This she did, and out of this grew the French spoliation claims, which are not yet settled. It was exceedingly bad taste, to say the least of it, for the New York *Herald* to have touched on this very dark episode in American history. The article was evidently inspired by the present attitude of Italy, and the probability of unpleasantness between us and her. It is hard, indeed, to see what connection there is between our present trouble with Italy, and our trouble with France a hundred years ago. The ignoramus who wrote the article in the New York *Herald* should know that about the only bond between France and Italy is the very ephemeral one of both their languages being derived from Latin; but Latin was forced on France by her Italian conquerors. Her native language was Celtic. He should also know, and must know, that America is not an Anglo-Saxon country, never was such and never will be; and that the only claim even England can lay to be Anglo Saxon is that about 30 per cent of her language is derived from Anglo-Saxon roots.

Nothing so wantonly ungrateful, so calculated to wound the feelings of a friendly nation to which America owes so much, and so outrageously untrue as the article in the New York *Herald*, has appeared for a long time in the American press; and every decent American should repudiate it in the strongest manner possible. If the New York *Herald* wants to know the exact truth about what led to the trouble between America and France in 1794, it should consult an article that appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in 1870. In it will be found documentary evidence which cannot err, and which will show either the ignorance or the recklessness of the New York *Herald*.

"CAN ENGLAND KEEP HER TRADE?"

The above is the heading of one of the most interesting and suggestive articles that has for a long time appeared in the English press; it may be seen in the *National Review* for March last. The writer of it takes a very gloomy view of the future of England, and maintains that if English capital continues to go away from the country, and continues to be invested in foreign lands, the commercial ruin of England is close at hand.

The article under notice says that during the last quarter of a century, more English money has been invested in foreign enterprises than at home. India, it maintains, is the country that is sucking English capital out of its natural channels. It shows that imports to England from India are steadily increasing, and exports from England to India are as steadily decreasing. The same thing is taking place with China. English capital is being invested in that country in an ever increasing volume. Labor is so cheap in India and in China, that factories can be run in those countries at less than half what would be required to run them in England. It appears that three pence British, or about six cents in American money, would buy as much labor in India as two shillings would in England.

It would be a terrible retribution if England had to pay for all the wrongs she has done to India by making that country rich, while herself was becoming poorer and poorer. If English nationality could be transferred to India, the change in the economic positions of both countries would not be so galling to England. But India cannot be colonized by England, because India is one of the most densely populated countries in the world. Neither can the English people, or any considerable part of them, be transferred to India; for even if there were room for them, the climate is such as to preclude the possibility of English emigration to that country. But money heeds neither sun nor malaria, and English money has no patriotism. A few men will always be found for big pay willing enough to take charge of factories in China or India, but the English themselves cannot go wherever their money goes. They seem destined to stay at home, and starve, while the country they conquered grows rich at their expense and with their money.

There is hardly a branch of manufacture that cannot be carried on as well in India or China as in England. The natives of these countries are very peaceably disposed; they hardly ever go on strike; they can live, work and get fat on such wages as a European would starve on. China and India have unlimited supplies of cash; they grow cotton in abundance, and the supply of cheap labor is so great that men can be found to work for almost anything that is offered them. It is not the "pauper labor of Europe" that we in this country may soon have to protect ourselves from, but the pauper labor of India and China that have, between them, well on to 700,000,000 of inhabitants.

England may find that introducing factories into China and India will most likely be the ruin of even her capitalists in the long run. The natives of those countries are poor originizers, but great imitators. English manufacturers will not be long without opposition. The natives will soon find out the superiority of machinery over hand power. Plenty of native capital will soon be found to build and run factories on the European plan, and to dispense with the services of even the English overseer.

The last paragraph of the article from the *National Review* will show how English money is being drawn to the far East by the temptation of cheap labor, and what the consequences to England are likely to be:

"If it be not India, it will be some other land of rich soil, cheap labor, and easy subsistence that will drain out capital and trade. Should we decline to protect our country against the alienation of capital and trade, another century may see England the retreat of the old age of a small aristocracy of millionaires, who will have made their money where labor was cheapest, and return to spend it where life was easiest and most pleasant. No productive work will be possible in England; but such labor as is required for personal services will be procurable at a cheap rate, owing to the reluctance of labor to migrate with capital. Thus, without any wild stretching of imagination, we may look forward to a revived feudalism in England, in which the retired industrial baron will rule with absolute sway the more sentimental or less adventurous menials who shall cling to their own country in preference to following into India or China, or heaven knows where, the march of emancipated capital."

"STINK, stank, stunk"—Hurlbert, Verney and De Cobain—all enemies of Parnell.

WORSE things than a foreign war might happen this country. But we have no traditional quarrel with Italy.

AT the hour of going to press, Mr. Hempstead Washburne would seem to be elected mayor by a safe plurality.

KING HUMBERT never saw Uncle Sam with his sleeves rolled up for action, or he would not be so belligerent.

THE pigeon holes of the city hall will have a thorough cleaning out when Hempstead Washburne takes his seat as mayor.

WHEN war breaks out the Knownothings may not be quite so "American" as they are at present.

THE great American flunkey announces that Queen Vic has been "Grasseously" pleased to allow Col. Grant to accompany his wife to a court reception.

SECRETARY BLAINE has notified the Italian government that it must "keep its shirt on" in the New Orleans matter.

OBITUARY.

MR DANIEL J. RYAN.

Mr. D. J. Ryan, a well known business man of this city, died at his residence, No. 214 Rush street, recently of pneumonia, which resulted from an attack of la grippe. The funeral took place from the house to the Cathedral of the Holy Name, where requiem high mass was celebrated. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Father McLoughlin, who paid a well deserved tribute to the many sterling virtues that had distinguished the deceased. The relics were laid to rest temporarily in the receiving vault at Calvary cemetery. Mr. Ryan was a native of Newport, county Tipperary, Ireland. His widow was Miss Crawford, daughter of Mr. Thomas Crawford, an old and much respected citizen. Mr. Ryan's funeral was one of the largest seen on the North Side for many years.

The address to be presented by the national teachers to the Most Rev. D. Egan, bishop of Waterford, has been beautifully illuminated by Mr. McCoy, of Waterford. The address is signed on behalf of the teachers of the the united dioceses of Waterford and Lismore, by John J. Fleming, B.A., R.U.I., James E. Cotter, and M. Duggan.

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

Lord M. Fitzgerald at the Wexford petty sessions denounced the practice which exists in that locality of beating donkeys with wattles and ashplants. Respectable farmers' wives can be seen on market days beating the poor animals with all their strength.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Waterford *Citizen*, is evidently a believer in Lynch law. It condemns the Rev. Robert Power, P.P., Grangemockler, for supporting Mr. Parnell, and declares that for such an offense he would be "suspended" at once in any other than the Catholic church. It is our earnest hope that our e. c. will cease hostilities towards the clergy, as the country is not yet ripe for anti Christ!

The number of tradesmen and laborers employed in Guinness' brewery is sixteen hundred.

The life of Sergt. Bulger, of the Royal Irish Constabulary, is endangered by a murderous attempt made on him at night when about to effect an arrest in the town of Ennis. He was struck on the face with a bottle, and repeatedly stabbed with the broken part, which remained after the first blow in his assailant's hand. The assailant is unknown.

The grand jury of Kildare awarded £350 as compensation to ex Constable Hickey, who was injured in a riot last August at Athy, and £15 each to two other constables.

The grand jury of Cork refused an application of the Cork, Fermoy, Waterford & Wexford Railway Company for a guarantee for £160,000, as part of the capital for construction of the line.

Two women named Mary Ann Connolly and Anne Traynor have been arrested in Belfast on a charge of having caused the death of Anne McCavana, alias Campbell, who died under suspicious circumstances in the house of Daniel McIlhatton, Carrick hill.

As the result of a correspondence with the executive in Dublin Castle, Father Costelloe has been informed that the distressed people of Woodford must depend on "the ordinary resources of the poor law." In other words, they must go to the workhouse. Already the distress is beginning to be keenly felt in Wexford and district.

The government has not been slow in rewarding Consul Hoare, of New York, for his services in getting up evidence for the *Times* in connection with the special commission. He has been appointed to the consulate of Dalmatia, Carniola, and the Austrian littoral in succession to the late Captain Richard Burton. His salary at New York was £600, while at Trieste it will be £700, the latter position being regarded in the service as a very desirable one, because it is always a stepping stone to one of the best European consulates. We wish Michael Davitt would resume his interesting exposures of the base conspiracy to blacken Mr. Parnell's character.

At Galway assizes, Coleman Derrane pleaded guilty in the Arran manslaughter case. The prisoner was allowed out on his own recognizances, to come up for judgment when called on.

The people of Arklow are likely to suffer by the shutting down of the celebrated rock quarries. For years past these quarries yielded a wonderful output and Mr. Parnell employed three hundred men in them. There was a great demand for the "stone setts" produced, but recently that has fallen off to such an extent that the manager has found it expedient to cease operations for the present. The result is that over 200 men are thrown idle.

On March 23, John Dwane, sheriff's officer, Fermoy, with assistant bailiffs and a force of police, proceeded to Ballinure, near Bartlemy, and evicted William Healy and John Aherne. Subsequently, it appears, the Rev. Father Barry, P. P., Rathcormac, came into Fermoy with the evicted persons, and managed to effect a settlement satisfactory to all parties.

P. J. Power, M. P. for East Waterford, has been chairman of the Waterford board of guardians for the past six years. He was elected to that position as a member of an Independent Irish party. Since his last election Mr. Power has become a seceder from the party, and at the first opportunity his fellow guardians have sent him to the right about, and have elected in his stead Ald. John Manning mayor of Waterford, who presided at the great meeting in favor of Mr. Parnell held in that city some weeks ago. Ald. Toole, ex mayor, a staunch Parnellite, has been elected vice chairman.

A splended specimen of monumental sculpture has just been erected in Killeshin cemetery to the memory of the late Mr. Kavanagh, of Carlow Graigue. It is the work of James Walsh, of Carlow.

A painfully sudden death took place at a place called Sparrowsland, near Bree, on the evening of March 23. A man named Thomas Connors, of Bree, went to Sparrowsland early on that morning for the purpose of getting the loan of a tube which he meant to use in taking a turnip from the throat of one of his cows. The poor fellow seems to have exerted himself too much in going from Bree, and immediately after arriving at Michael Wickham's, he fell dead in the yard. Connors was a small farmer, and in the Bree locality, and indeed in every place where he was known, he bore the reputation of an honest, industrious man.

Peter Quigley died at his residence, Carrabawn, Westport, on March 20, aged 45 years.

Three young men of the farming class were arrested at Queenstown on board the Cunard steamer Servia, on the charge of stealing firearms and firing into a police protection hut in the vicinity of Tralee. They are Philip Healy, Maurice Scollard, and Edward Brosnahan.

The ceremonies of Holy Week were very devoutly carried out in Limerick. In the Cathedral, the bishop, Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, presided on Holy Thursday. In St. Alphonsus' church the lay choir, consisting of some two or three thousand voices, joined with the clergy in the singing on Good Friday.

BOYNE BILLY.

Campaign of His Army in Leinster and Connaught During July, 1690.

How He Promised Much and Performed Little.

It was July, 1690, a few days after the battle of the Boyne. "Righ Shemus had gone to France," and what matter about that if he had not sent away the best of the Irish army, 6,000 men, the flower of the disciplined troops, and in their place brought strangers, who cared nothing for the land or the people they came to fight for, and who had not—as King William's mercenaries had—gold in plenty to get in return for their services. Of the Irish, the greater part of the infantry now left to battle for the life of the nation were but new recruits, ill fed and ill clothed, half-armed, and, we may almost say, not paid at all. And yet it is King William's own historians who tell best (when rightly read) the gallant fight these peasants—soldiers from desperation—made against the most formidable army the English had ever, up to that time, brought into any country.

Having done his worst at the Boyne to destroy all chances of success for the Irish, King James had run away, magnanimously giving to those he had ruined his parting advice to do the best they could for themselves. The best they could do was to fall back upon Limerick and Athlone, and William determined to follow up the victory of the Boyne by taking those towns, the frontiers of the really Irish province, Connaught; for this purpose he divided his army—encamped at Finglass, near Dublin—and sent on Lieut.-Gen. Douglas with three regiments of horse, two of dragoons, and ten regiments of foot towards Athlone.

On James' flight, a flight which left William in actual possession of the crown, the latter made great show and talk of giving civil and religious liberty to all who would cease to fight against him. But this would never do for the Puritan settlers who, wherever they went, read "liberty" as meaning freedom for them to do as they chose with the lives, liberties, properties, and consciences of all others, in whom it was actual plasphemy to dream, not of like tyranny, but of simple freedom, according to the common acceptance of the word. It is very evident that King William but made a wordy show of even a desire to grant

COMMON JUSTICE,

for if he meant anything but mockery of his own proclamation, he who was, when he chose, a determined commander, could at least have prevented his officers from coolly and openly and in every possible instance defying his kingly commands and violating his solemn promises; but the open defiance of officers and men, as told by their own writers of the day, prove that all knew well the king's orders were not meant to be obeyed—were rather, it would seem, decoys to get the Irish into their power, the better to wreak wholesale destruction upon them.

Before sending the besieging forces to Athlone, the king issued a proclamation declaring: "We shall take into our Royal Protection all poor Laborers, Common Soldiers, Country Farmers, Plowmen, and Cottiers whatsoever; as also all Citizens, Tradesmen, Townsmen, and Artificers, who either remained at home, or having fled from their dwellings, shall by the 1st of August next repair to their usual places of Abode, surrendering up what Arms they have. . . . That We will not only pardon all those seduced people as to their lives and liberties, who shall come in by the time aforesaid, for all the violence they have committed by the command of their Leaders during the time of the War: But We do also promise to secure them in their Goods, their Stocks of Cattle, and all their Chattels personal whatsoever. . . ." This proclamation was issued July 7, 1690; a few days later, and almost within hail of the king's own camp, the portion of the army advancing towards Athlone were busily at work robbing and murdering the unfortunate people who, relying on the royal word, came to claim the promised protection; were busily at work plundering, right and left, those, who likewise putting faith in the same royal promise, remained in their homes. In

CURRY'S "CIVIL WARS"

there is a shocking account—copied from Leland—of the atrocities perpetrated during the marches of William's army at this time. But Curry wrote on the Irish side, I will here quote only the king's own chaplain and traveling historian, Dean Story, who marched with Douglas to Athlone. Story mildly deprecates the wholesale defiance of the proclamation by officers and soldiers, owning that if it had been observed "we had had fewer Enemies at this Day by at least 20,000;" at the same time the chaplain jocularly calls such work "sport" when the actors are the Williamite troops.

On the 10th of July Gen. Douglas set out towards Athlone, resting that night close to Chapelizod. The next day the troops halted at Maynooth, and encamped the same night at Glencurry about five miles from Maynooth, "and we had not got this length," says Story, "till we began to plunder, though the General gave strict orders to the contrary." . . . Sunday—"The Soldiers went abroad and took several things from the Irish, who had staid upon the King's Declaration; and frequent complaints came already to the General; but Plundering went on still, especially among the Northern men, who are very dexterous at that sport. Sunday morning Capt Aughmouty, of Col. Woolsley's regiment, went with a party of horse towards the county of Longford. And Monday, the 14th, they met the army at Mullingar (whither we marched, and several of the Irish came in for protections; though when they had them they were of little force to secure their goods or themselves" . . . The 15th "we remained encamped at Mullingar, and above 500 Creights (the name by which the peasantry who aided and fought with the Rapparees were known) came from the county Longford, with their wives, children, cattle and everything that they could bring away. Their business was to procure the general's protection; which was granted them; and they moved homewards as the army moved forwards, but were most of them plundered afterwards." The chaplain does not tell of the cruelties with which these plunderings were accomplished and which are related by such as survived them; but, then, what did it matter how such game was tortured—common dogs or wolves as they were in the eyes of this enlightened historian, who, in telling one of the absurd witchcraft stories commonly believed in England and elsewhere at the time, says: "And they tell you likewise of the men in the county Tipperary's being turned into wolves at a certain time of the year; but these are trifles, for they are commonly dogs or wolves in their nature, but not otherwise."—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

THE IRISH SAILOR'S SONG.

[The following beautiful old song is published by request. THE CITIZEN regrets that the name of the author is unknown to it.]

Oh, I have roamed in many lands,
And many friends I've met—
Not one fair scene, or kindly smile,
Can this fond heart forget:
But I'll confess that I'm content,
No more I wish to roam—
Then steer my bark to Erin's Isle
For Erin is my home—
Chorus—
Then steer my bark, etc.

If England were my place of birth,
I'd love her tranquil shore;
If bonnie Scotland were my home
Her mountains I'd adore;
Some pleasant days in both I've spent—
I'd dream of joys to come—
But steer my bark to Erin's Isle
For Erin is my home.
Chorus—
But steer my bark, etc.

In Erin's Isle are manly hearts,
And bosoms fair as snow!
In Erin's Isle there's right good cheer,
And founts that ever flow!
In Erin's Isle I'd end my time,
No more I wish to roam,
Then steer my bark to Erin's Isle
For Erin is my home!
Chorus—
Then steer my bark, etc.

IRISH NEWS.

Rev. John Pyne, C. C., Elphin, died at the Presbytery, Sligo, on March 17.

Thomas Walsh, of the firm of Walsh & Son, auctioneers, Waterford, died on the 26th ult, aged 80 years.

The primate has appointed the Rev. Patrick Murtagh, C. C., Termeenmaguirk, to be C. C. of Dundalk, in room of Rev. James Smyth, recently appointed P. P. of Beragh.

A sheriff's bailiff was seriously assaulted at Blackfield, county Clare, on March 25, being struck on the head by a clock weight.

In the recent elections for poor law guardians, the only contest in the Carrick-on-Suir Union was in respect of the four vacancies in the representation of the town of Carrick. Four Parnellites were nominated, and were opposed by only three McCarthyites. One of the Parnellites retired before the contest. The voting was: Parnellites—Thomas Rockett 354, Michael Wall 345, and Matthew Cleary 311; McCarthyites—P. Wall 294, R. B. Feehan 198, and J. Quinlan 147. The four first in order were declared elected.

Garret Fitzgerald, farmer, of Boherbrack, near Dingle, died very suddenly on March 21.

Robert Warner, draper, Bridge street, Skibbereen, died very suddenly a few days ago.

It is stated that the police authorities are actively engaged in investigating the murder of the caretaker, Cahill, which took place about ten years ago, at Ashill, about six miles from Tralee, and arrests in connection with it are expected to take place soon.

At the county Antrim assizes before Mr. Justice Gibson and a common jury, a verdict of £115 damages was given against J. E. O'Mahoney, editor and manager of the *Tipperary Nationalist*, in an action at the suit of Robert M. Power, land agent, Tipperary, for a libel contained in an article published in the defendant's newspaper. Messrs. Dodd, Q. C., and Donaldson (instructed by Johnston, Roberts and Harvey, Dublin), were for the plaintiff. There was no appearance for the defendant.

A large whale, measuring in length over 100 feet, was captured in Wexford harbor recently.

On the 28th ult., the Very Rev. Jeremiah O'Donnell, the veteran and respected vicar general of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, died. He was born at Cahir, Tipperary, in 1813, and was ordained in Waterford.

A large meeting of laborers and others was held on the Fair Green, Bagnalstown, in connection with the Gasworkers' and General Laborers' union. A resolution of confidence in Mr. Parnell was adopted unanimously.

The invincibles undergoing penal servitude at Downpatrick convict prison were removed to Mountjoy and Maryborough under a heavy escort of constabulary under District Inspector Kearon. The men appeared to be in very high spirits, as immediately they emerged from the gloomy portals of Downpatrick prison, they commenced to sing 'God Save Ireland." When they arrived in Dublin they were at once conducted to the prison vans, which were in waiting for their arrival, and conveyed to Mountjoy prison, keeping up their song all the while, it being evidently a luxury for them to hear their voices raised in song as they used to in the days of yore.

The Tralee and Dingle light railway is at length about to be opened for traffic.

In only one out of the twenty eight divisions of the Newcastle union was there a contest for the office of poor law guardian, Mr. Michael Leonard, the representative of Dromcollogher division, being opposed by Mr. Daniel O'Brien. The scrutiny of votes was held on March 24, and Mr. Leonard was reelected. The voting was, Leonard, 152; O'Brien, 63. No political significance was attached to the election.

The Leinster *Leader* reports at some length the case of Col. Forbes, R. M., against certain traders who had supplied his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Forbes, with goods. The case came before Mr. Justice Johnson at the Naas assizes, on appeal from two orders of the county court judge who gave decrees against Col. Forbes for goods supplied by them to Mrs. Forbes. The goods consisted of wearing apparel. Mrs. Forbes, in the course of her evidence, stated that although she was living in the house with her husband, in order to clothe and maintain herself and her children she was obliged to sell the rings off her fingers. The case for Col. Forbes was that he had intimated that he would not be responsible for anything supplied to his wife which had been obtained without his order or consent. The judge ruled in his favor and reversed the decision of the county court judge. It seems this decision will affect a number of traders to the extent of nearly £2,000.

At a meeting of the Grangemockler branch of the National League, Rev. R. Power, P. P., presided. The reverend chairman said he thought they were going to take a very unwise course, that of renouncing their chief, Mr. Parnell, and he thought the morality of a man had nothing to do with his nationality. Mr. Britton dwelt on the many favors conferred on the country by Mr. Parnell, and could not understand why any man in Grangemockler should take an opposite side. After some discussion a division was taken and the Parnellites were found to have a majority. The reverend president then announced the fact and said he would act as their president. Cheers were then given for Mr. Parnell and Father Power.

Mr. Bowe (Parnellite) was elected in the recent poor law election in the Tullaroan division of Kilkenny union, in despite of the efforts of the clerical party to defeat him.

It is cheering to note that in North Sligo several of the priests openly supported Mr. Parnell during the contest—notably the Rev. J. Kelly, P. P., Dromore West; Rev. Anthony M'Hale (the bishop's administrator), Ballina; Rev. J. Mullen, C. C., Ballina; Rev. P. O'Hara, C. C., Dromard, and Rev. J. Clarke, C. C., Easkey. The Rev. J. M'Donald, P. P., of Coolaney, told his people from the altar to vote according to their consciences, and not to be afraid of anyone, because the ballot is secret.

We regret to have to announce the demise on Thursday, 21 inst., of Mr. John Ross Lonergan, clerk of Clogheen union, at the age of 60 years, and who passed away quietly after a lingering illness of some months' duration, fortified by rites of the Catholic church.

Mr. Laurence Curtin was returned unopposed for Tempiegiantan division, the outgoing guardian not seeking reelection. Mr. John D. Connell succeeds Mr. Wm O'Connor in the representation of Cahir and Mountcollins, the latter being elected without opposition for Abbeyfeal division, in place of Mr. David D. Leahy, deceased.

A correspondent contradicts the statement in the anti-Parnellite press that a seceders' meeting had been held in Castleres. The statement that such a meeting was held has caused contemptuous amusement in the town, where the seceders are by no means a formidable minority.

An enthusiastic Parnell meeting was held at Bodyke. Contingents from Broadford, Feakle, and other districts attended. Mr. Pierce Mahony, M. P., accompanied by Mr. John McInerney, P. L. G., Limerick, and Mr. John McEnery, Limerick *Leader*, drove over from Limerick. Resolutions were adopted pledging support to Mr. Parnell and the National League, and calling on Mr. Cox to resign his seat for East Clare. Mr. Mahony was presented with an address, and he and Mr. McInerney addressed the meeting. On their return another meeting was held at Broadford. Mr. Parnell's name was most enthusiastically cheered. Mr. Mahony addressed the people, among whom was Rev. Father Collins, C.C.

It is clear that Mr. Maurice Healy virtually abandons the fight with Mr. Parnell, for which he clamored so insultingly. A dead lock has been reached. Mr. Parnell's application for the Chiltern Hundreds is in the hands of the Parnellite whip, awaiting Mr. Maurice Healy's adequate proof of his good faith. Mr. Maurice Healy has deposited his application for the Chiltern Hundreds with the anti-Parnellite whip, awaiting the acceptance of impossible conditions by Mr. Parnell. So long as Mr. Maurice Healy retains this attitude we do not see that there is a possibility of the projected contest coming off. Mr. Healy carefully ignores the point against him, that, altering Mr. Parnell's language, he merely offered to resign, and did not offer to submit himself to the judgment of his constituents, while his press trumpeters announced that he did not intend to do so, but that his place would be taken by Mr. Davitt, or some other prominent anti Parnellite. We therefore presume, as Mr. Healy is not open to a fair fight, that there is little chance of the Cork ordeal taking place.

The Nashville Hibernian Society.

"There was a very large attendance at the Hibernian Society meeting yesterday afternoon, says the Nashville *American* of Monday, on account of the annual election of officers of the society for the ensuing year. All members of the society were present. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: James Killelea, president; James Mulloy, vice president; Garrett Stritch, recording secretary; James Carney, financial secretary; Michael Mogan, treasurer; Thos. Grady, sergeant at arms; John Brady, James Greeley and John McCormack, trustees. The society is twenty three years old and is in good financial condition and has a large membership.

To and from Chicago to Europe in seven days via New York and Boston Limited—Lake Shore Route. For rates, sailings, etc., on any of the "Ocean Greyhounds," write or address J. D. O'Leary, Lake Shore office, 66 South Clark st, Sherman House.

They Want Cabbage.

At the Waterford workhouse Mr. Bloomfield said the New Ross guardians had got a supply of potatoes in excess of the demand, and the surplus was now being sold by Mr. Breen, of George's street, for sixpence per stone. He had called at Mr. Breen's and purchased some.

Ald. Redmond—How much per stone have they cost us here?

The Clerk—About tenpence three farthings. There has not been a single potato applied for in the county Kilkenny.

Mr. Cadogan—They don't want any. It is cabbage they want (laughter).

Many people who pride themselves on their *blue* blood would be far happier with *pure* blood; but, while we cannot choose our ancestors, fortunately, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, we can transmit pure blood to our posterity.

A bald headed woman is unusual before she is 40, but gray hair is common with them earlier. Baldness and grayness may be prevented by using Hall's Hair Renewer

ROSE KAVANAGH.

To the Memory of the Irish Poetess.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

The springtide came, and found her young and fair
With roses on her face, and in her eyes
The passion-light of song they used to wear
When, like a bird, she carolled to the skies.

Yet springtide had no pity; for the lyre
Fell from her hands in youthhood's blissful bloom;
And all the melting ardor, and the fire
That nerved her pen sank shrouded in the tomb.

She is not wholly dead; for death but gives
New life to songs whose singers are no more:
The bard may die, but oh, his music lives
To charm earth's future ages to the core.

She was her nation's minstrel, and its brave
Were honored with sweet laurels at her hand:
The grateful Irish dews weep o'er her grave;
She lies within the bosom of her land.

No more her loving voice will echo where
The clouds around one Ulster valley sweep
The spring hath culled the Rose all rich and rare
We held so dear. God guard her in her sleep!

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

BRAMSTON—March 26, at No. 4 Walworth road, South Circular road, Dublin, Elizabeth, wife of James Bramston.

GIBNEY—March 26, at his residence, No. 35 Cork street, Thomas Gibney, cooper, aged 44 years.

HICKEY—March 27, at No. 21 Lower Pembroke street, Dublin, Joseph Martin Hickey, aged 20 years.

HIGGINS—March 27, in Dublin, James Higgins, of Carrowaden, county Galway, aged 77 years.

KERRIGAN—March 27, at Norfolk, England, John Kerrigan, aged 32 years, third eldest son of Michael Kerrigan, Mulhuddart, county Dublin.

CAREY—March 26, at Loretto Convent Lodge, Delkey, Elizabeth, wife of Patrick Carey.

CRADDOCK—March 26, at No. 21 St. James terrace, Inchicore, James, son of the late William Craddock, aged 28 years.

DEANE—March 26, at Graigue, Carlow, Christopher Deane.

DOWDALL—March 25, at Courtlough, county Dublin, Christopher Dowdall.

KEENAN—March 24, at Rosslea, Hannah, relict of the late Luke Keenan, aged 65 years.

MULLEN—March 25, Alice Mullen, Rath, Garristown, county Dublin, aged 21 years.

O'CONNOR—March 26, at No. 72 George street, Limerick, F. W. O'Connor, F.R.C.S.I.

WADDICK—March 22, at Annacurra, Rev. James Waddick, C.C., aged 55 years.

ARMITAGE—March 30, at Coolbawn, Castlecomer, county Kilkenny, Margaret, relict of John Armitage.

GRADY—March 29, at Rosberry house, Newbridge, Patrick Grady, aged 58 years.

DOYLE—March 31, at Rathlyon, Tullow, county Carlow, Margaret, wife of Martin Doyle.

FITZPATRICK—March 31, at Scotshouse, Clones, Rev. Mathew Fitzpatrick, Curriu.

KELLY—March 29, at Elphin, Bernard J., child of Hugh Kelly.

MORRISSEY—March 29, at Dean street, Kilkenny, Martin Morrissey, T.C., P.L.G., aged 63 years.

PILKINGTON—April 1, at Kilbride, county Westmeath, Anne, wife of William Pilkington, aged 65 years.

SMYTH—At No. 5 Rutland place, Clontarf, Mary, child of Michael and Margaret Smyth, aged 10 years.

BURKE—March 28, at No. 34 Haddington road, Dublin, Helen, widow of the late Edmund Burke, aged 78 years.

GLANAN—March 28, at No. 12 Usher's Island, Maria Rebecca, relict of the late Thos. Glanan, Roper's Rest, aged 83 years.

ROCHFORD—March 24, at Donoughmore house, Johnstown, county Kilkenny, Edmond Rochford.

BOWE—March 31, at Bayswell, Johnstown, county Kilkenny, Mary, relict of the late John Bowe.

BURNS—March 30, at No. 1 Mount Vincent place, Limerick, Sarah, wife of William E. Burns.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years, ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen: I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions. Yours truly,

L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.,
Office, 215 Summit st.

We will give $100 for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.*

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

H.R.EAGLE

DOCTORS WILL TELL YOU

Of the importance of Fruit for the health. Fresh Fruit is a luxury for the few. This year the Canned is expensive. Good housekeepers realize the economy of the Dried, and with proper preparation give their families this much craved article and practically as good as the fresh. They will appreciate the following suggestions, which will enable them to serve it in an appetizing and attractive way:

"Select the fruit that you intend to use and rinse it thoroughly in clear, fresh water; then place it in an earthenware dish with sufficient water to cover it and allow it to soak for from ten to fifteen hours before it is required for use. After this the vessel in which it is to be cooked should be placed on the back of the stove, and the fruit with the water in which it has been soaked allowed to simmer slowly (just once in a while coming to a boil), until it is thoroughly cooked. If the water in which the fruit was soaked is thrown away and fresh water substituted, much of the flavor and nutriment of the fruit will be lost. Sufficient sugar should be added when the fruit is nearly done to make it palatable. Dried fruit cooked in this way can be served either hot or cold, as may be desired. As a rule, when allowed to cool it will be fully as palatable as if eaten warm. By cooking dried fruit according to this method there will be secured a wholesome and palatable dish, full flavored and resembling, as near as possible, in appearance, style and taste, the original green product."

Loose Muscatel Raisins,.....per pound, 6 cents
Prunes, good and meaty,.....per pound, 9 cents
Old-fashioned Quarters, Dried Apples,.....per pound, 10 cents
Evaporated California Bartlett Pears,.....per pound, 10 cents
Dried Halves Peaches,.....per pound, 13 cents
Rich, Fat, California Evaporated Peaches,..per pound, 19 cents
California Evaporated Golden Apricots,....per pound, 14 cents

H.R. EAGLE & CO.,

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All Subscribers and Advertisers Will Please Take Notice.

WHICH LOVETH BEST.

Man hath a sturdy and heroic soul;
He can go forth to war and victory,
Can master tears, can smother sighs and groans,
And, without terror, as a martyr die.

Woman hath feeble frame and timid heart;
She shrinks in horror from the bloody strife;
Her tears will stream, her sighs and groans have way,
And not unfrighted can she yield her life.

Yet woman has a stronger heart than man,
And woman's love more tender is and true;
Firmer her faith, quicker her sympathy,
And more for Jesus will she dare and do.

All through his mournful pilgrimage below
She was his tender, ever faithful friend;
Man's fickle love oft wrung his soul with woe,
But woman loved him steadfast to the end.

—New York Ledger.

THE AUSTRALIAN'S STORY

I had just finished reading for the twentieth time my last letter from home when a sudden growl from Bouncer, our station dog, brought me back from the dream into which I was beginning to fall and made me drop my letter, look hastily round and then walk to the door of the hut. But all was as it shoul l be. Nothing unusual was to be seen in any direction. The sun was sinking blood red behind a range of dim blue hills, and stars were beginning to show on the paling sky.

Long Ridge station was a very solitary spot indeed, even at the best of times; but just at present, when Long Peter and I were its only occupants, the loneliness of our position was horrible. I don't think Peter felt it as I did. He was a tall, gaunt Scotchman, who had been a shepherd in his native land. I had come out from a full nest—a happy home; and the awful monotony of the Australian wilds seemed sometimes more than I could bear.

For a month at least Long Peter and I had shared the work and the danger between us, he, as the most experienced, going out with the sheep, while I kept the hut, cooked the food and attended to the various duties.

On this particular day I had been feeling an amount of listless weariness which I could scarcely understand myself; but the fact was that nervous depression so overpowered me that when Bouncer rose up from my feet with a growl I started as though some terrible danger was close at hand. I walked to the door of the hut, as I have said, and looked keenly all around, but could not see anything unusual. Still Bouncer knew what he was about; he never growled without having something to show for it. I therefore walked back to my faithful companion, and, taking his muzzle in both my hands, "What is it, Bouncer, my boy?" I said. "Is it friend or foe? Almost any one would be welcome in this dreary solitude."

Bouncer had risen to his feet and was listening intently. Again he growled; no, not growled, but whined impatiently, and trotted to the door. Then I knew that whoever might be approaching was no enemy, but a friend. Yet who could it be? Long Peter and his sheep were not due yet for nearly an hour, and I need scarcely say that afternoon visitors were scarce at Long Ridge. I followed Bouncer to the door of the hut and, shading my eyes with my hand, looked earnestly toward the west, which was the direction in which the dog was looking. Presently the quick though muffled fall of a horse's feet became distinctly audible. I knew the canter well; it was that of Blackfoot, the splendid riding horse belonging to Mr. Ashby, the owner of the station. Yes, there he was, cantering over the waving grass and making straight for Long Ridge. "Good afternoon, Jem," he said in his usual pleasant manner. "Give me a light for my pipe and a morsel to eat, for I must be off again directly. Any news going? Long Peter is not home yet, I suppose?"

Even as Mr. Ashby spoke we could recognize the bleating of the flock, and could dimly see the white fleeces of the sheep as they emerged from the somber shadows of the trees. "Aye, there they come," said the master, in a relieved tone of voice; "and now, after a few words with Peter, I can mount and be on. I ought to be at home before it is quite dark. Jem," he added impressively, "I came today to warn you and Peter that there are blacks in the neighborhood. They have been lurking round the home station for several days, and they mean mischief, too, for their women are not with them. I would have sent Sam and Jerry here to help you and Peter, but it is impossible now to do so. My wife and children must be protected, and we need all the hands we have. I hope your guns are in good order. Do you want powder or lead?

"We have enough of both," I replied, "but we have only half a dozen bullets. I'll run them tomorrow." This I said with a flush of shame rising to my cheek, for had not Peter asked me that very morning to run the bullets? Yet I had spent the long summer day listlessly reading letters, because, forsooth, I saw no immediate need of the bullets; and now, thanks to my carelessness, we were practically unarmed.

Mr. Ashby did not seem to observe my embarrassment, for he was standing at the door impatiently waiting for Peter. He had, however, heard my words, for he replied immediately: "Don't put off anything till tomorrow, Jem. Fetch the mold and get the bullets run at once; then go to the water hole and fetch up as many bucketfuls as you can stow away in the hut."

Even as he spoke Peter and his flocks arrived, the animals feeding quietly all the way along. "Good evening, sir," said Long Peter quietly to his master. "I've had some trouble with the beasts today. Three are missing. I found the body of one of them. Sir, it had been speared!"

Mr. Ashby looked full at the man, consternation clearly written in his face. "Are they so near us as that, Peter?" he said. "I must get home tonight. I only came to warn you and Jem."

"I don't think that you can possibly go, sir," responded the shepherd, coolly filling a pannikin of tea. "They are too close to us!"

We looked at the man inquiringly; his face was pale but resolute looking, and his voice sank to a whisper as he added: "After seeing the spear wound in the sheep I looked about me pretty sharp you may be sure, but I saw nothing till I was clear of the timber, then I sighted one of the blacks wriggling through the grass like a snake. I would have fired at him but I saw another, then another, and I thought it best to return and warn Jem. They did not guess that I had seen them or I would have had a spear through my back. As it is I expect they will attack us tonight."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when a spear whizzed through the open doorway and quivered in the wooden slabs behind. Had my two companions been as inexperienced as I was all would now have been confusion and dismay, but both the master and Long Peter were old colonists, and had had more than one brush with the natives. They were both as cool as possible.

"Bar the door, Jem," said the shepherd, "and hand me the powder flask and bullets. Here, Bouncer, keep to heel, good dog."

With a feeling more akin to agony than I had ever known before, I handed the powder flask to my fellow servant, at the same time telling him that I had forgotten all about the bullets, and that only half a dozen remained on hand.

He just gave me one glance, partly indignation, partly pity. "Then we are all up a tree," he said. "However, let us do our best; two bullets to each of us, Jem, and we'll stand by each other."

The good old fellow! I saw by his face that he felt for me in the agony of remorse I was enduring, and did not mean to make it worse for me by his reproaches. Yet Long Peter had a wife at home among the heather mountains, and a daughter, a curl of whose golden hair I had often seen in his pocketbook. Ah, Long Peter could not afford to die yet!

Meanwhile Mr. Ashby was coolly reconnoitering through the loopholes; he had let down the window, and was preparing for action as calmly as the shepherd. We had handed him his two bullets, but he pushed them back; he had a few of his own. "Take them, take them," he whispered; "you will need them all." And truly we did. By this time the moon had risen, its light gradually growing on the landscape till we could see the outlines of the trees, and could see the long grass waving white in the ghostly shadows, but all was silent—nothing but the hoarse cry of some night bird broke on the stillness around. Oh, how long was it to last, this dreadful silence and inaction? For myself I must confess that every pulse in my body was beating like a sledge hammer, every nerve quivering till I could scrcely hold my rifle. But the master and Peter, they knelt as quietly as though no danger was to be apprehended, their barrels pointed through the loopholes, while they closely watched for any movement outside.

But there was none. The sheep were camping quietly round the hurdles, the night wind swept with a mournful sound through the dark trees, causing the spectral tracery of the branches to dance in the moonlight on the grass, but that was all. Still the terrible silence. But suddenly there was a change, three or four of the sheep rose, looked all round, stamped with their feet and huddled close together. Something had alarmed them, some sight or sound as yet unrevealed to our blunter faculties. Bouncer rose to his feet, too, whining uneasily.

"Down, dog, down!" whispered Peter, breaking the silence for the first time, and the docile animal once more sank to the ground.

The next moment a loud report rang out into a thousand echoes. Peter had fired the first shot, a shrill death scream following it, while we could dimly see the dark figure of a man who leaped from his ambush and fell like a clod to the ground.

"Now, master," cried Long Peter, while rapidly reloading his gun, "fire away, but aim to the right, sir, aim to the right. I can see the cursed creatures gathering there in numbers."

Mr. Ashby obeyed the directions given him by his servant, for in truth Long Peter had a fuller view than any of us of what was going on outside.

"There, you are all right!" he added exultantly, as both Mr. Ashby's gun and mine were fired at the same moment. "You have each fixed your man, and the others are drawing off for a little. But mark my words, sir," he added, "though they are mortally afraid of our guns, they'll find out soon enough that our ammunition is running short, then they will fire the hut and we are done for. Sir, I mean to get Bouncer to help us."

"The dog?" asked Mr. Ashby, inquiringly. "I don't understand. What can he do? They will certainly kill him if you let him out!"

"So they will, if they can catch him," replied the shepherd composedly; "but we must take our chance of that, sir. If you will write a line to the Head Station, telling them what a fix we are in, I reckon that my dog will carry the letter there in less time than a thoroughbred horse could do it. I have taught him, sir, to fetch and carry, little thinking that at some time our lives might depend upon him doing it. Please write the letter, sir."

"But will he go to the Head Station with it?" replied the master, who was busily writing. "How can you get him to understand?"

"Leave that to me, sir," replied Long Peter; "the dog is as wise as any Christian, and a deal wiser than many; besides, I have a waistcoat here belonging to Jerry; if I show him that it is all right; he loves Jerry, and knows that he is at the Head Station. The only difficulty is, will the black fellows wait long enough before they fire the hut, so as to allow of help coming? It is doubtful; but we can only try. We are in God's hands, sir."

"True," replied Mr. Ashby, as he handed the letter to his faithful servant The master said no more, but I could see that his heart was full. Ah, his dear young wife, his blue eyed little ones! Would he ever see them more?

There was certainly no time to lose. I could see the dark figures of the natives dodging round the hut, evidently thinking that since we had ceased firing our ammunition must be totally expended; but it was not so, we had each of us one bullet left, but only one, which we were keeping for emergencies, or for final scrimmage. Meanwhile Long Peter had pulled away a half rotten slab from behind his bunk, thus making a hole sufficiently large for Bouncer to creep through. He then fastened the letter securely to his collar, the noble animal giving now and then a suppressed whine and trembling from head to foot with anxiety. He had smelt at Jerry's waistcoat, and quite understood what was expected of him. I could not bear to look at Long Peter at this moment, his features were working with emotion, and I could have sworn that there were tears in his eyes; but he said nothing. Everything being now ready he led Bouncer to the hole, held his muzzle for a moment pressed hard between his hands, while he gazed into the creature's expressive eyes. "Now go, good dog," he whispered; and squeezing himself through the hole Bouncer sped away on noiseless feet.

We listened intently for a few minutes; oh, how we listenened! our faces blanched and our limbs trembling. Had Bouncer escaped away on his weighty errand without being discovered? Alas, no! a sudden wild jabbering rose on the night air, a rush of many feet, and the next instant we detected a yelp of pain.

"They have surely speared him!" whispered Mr. Ashby.

But Long Peter turned on him almost in anger. "No, no, sir," he said; "he is just scratched. He'll do it yet, I know he will!"

"He must be quick then," replied the master, "for those cursed savages have struck a light somehow; they mean to burn us out, look!"

Our eyes were now intently watching the movements of the black fellows from the loopholes, and we had not watched long till we saw a flaming brand whizzing through the air till it fell upon the stringy bark roof above our heads. Another and another immediately followed, still it did not seem to us that any of them had taken effect.

"Carry up a bucket of water through the trap door and pour it over the roof," whispered the master to me, "but take care of yourself; don't let them see you."

I did as I was directed, and thoroughly drenched the roof, but while thus engaged I heard a shout from below. It was Mr. Ashby's voice.

"Come down, Jem; come quickly," he cried, and I rattled down the ladder with a sinking heart. Long Peter lay on the floor of the hut, white and gasping; a spear had entered one of the loopholes and pinned him through the thigh. In response to my groan of utter dismay the good fellow struggled into a sitting posture.

"Never mind me, Jem," he said; "fight it out to the last. Take my gun, there is one charge in it yet; but first drag me into that corner."

I obeyed in silence, handed him a pannikin of cold tea, and then took my place by Mr. Ashby's side. "Look out," he whispered. "I mean to fire at their ringleader—that man with the blazing log in his hand—I fear he has already fired the roof. I hear it crackling; but it scarcely matters now, the end is not far off. We are doomed."

As he spoke these despairing words Mr. Ashby fired, his bullet bringing down the man aimed at, who, with a wild screech, fell to the ground. There was a pause of consternation after this, and a hurried talk among the savages outside; then, with wild yells, the whole force of the besiegers rushed on our little garrison. A moment's surging round the door, then it gave way with a crash, Mr. Ashby's gun swinging on the crowd of savages with terrific force, felling two of them like oxen. I can scarcely describe what followed. There was a wild struggle with our guns and our fists; then two black fellows forced me to the ground; one was shortening his grasp of his spear to drive it through my body, when he suddenly fell on the top of me dead, felled by the butt end of Mr. Ashby's gun. But I knew little more. Dimly I seemed to hear a loud hurrah from outside, followed by the cracking of rifles; then every sound died away into utter silence.

"Well, I declare, you have had a bit of a scrimmage, and here's poor Jem about done for!" It was the voice of Jerry, who was dragging away the dead body of my assailant from off my chest.

"No, I am not dead," I said, feebly enough, "not even wounded, though half choked with blood that is not my own. Where is the master? and, oh, go and look after Long Peter! He is terribly hurt, I know."

"The other chaps are attending to him," said Jerry, "and as for the master he says he is all right; he won't own to a single scratch. He is a game one, he is. We'll have you all carried to the Head Station afore breakfast time, see if we don't. But you should have seen that dog of Peter's. Why, his feet was all skinned and raw, and he had an ugly spear wound in the shoulder, so that the letter was covered with blood. We could scarcely make it out, but we guessed quick enough that there was something amiss, and came away at once. We were just in time, Jem, my boy."

"Didn't I tell ye as Bouncer would do it?" cried Long Peter, in rather a weak and quavering voice. "Poor old chap," he added tenderly, as the faithful brute limped across the hut at the sound of the shepherd's voice and crept close to his side. "You and me will never part, Bouncer, never, as long as we live." And they never did part till seven years later, when, in extreme old age, Bouncer died and was buried in a g[illegible] dug for him by Long Peter himself. "Ah," he said, when the ceremony was over, "why do them faithful brutes die so soon? I'll never see his like again; he was as wise as any Christian, and a deal more faithful than many."—New York World.

EASY IF YOU KNOW HOW

CHAIN THEM UP, TAKE A WHIP AND DON'T SHOW ANY FEAR.

When They Jump at You Hit 'Em, Talk to 'Em, Hit 'Em Again if They Jump at You and Let 'Em Know You're Their Master—That's the Way to Train Tigers.

"So you think there ain't any work done in winter quarters, eh?" said George Conklin, superintendent of Barnum's menagerie, as he chewed a bit of straw by the big stove in the middle of the wild animal room in the quarters at Bridgeport. "No work, eh? You think we just loaf all winter, keep the fires up and feed the animals? Well, that shows how much you know about it. Do you see that den of tigers over there?"

Mr. Conklin and his visitor approached a long cage standing in line with many other cages in a long one story brick building, which bounded the eastern end of the great inclosure which the big show occupies during the winter season. The cage had five Bengal tigers in it. Four of them were together. The fifth was separated from the others by a temporary iron grating. Two of the four tigers which were in company had thick leather collars round their necks, and stout chains several feet long fastened to them. The tiger in solitary confinement was similarly harnessed.

"Well," said Mr. Conklin, "I'll tell you one thing we do besides feeding these tigers. We train them. Those fellows in there who have chains on them, and are just now spitting and growling at us in such savage style, are new. We have had them only a month or two. The others are old boys who will let me go into the cage and not say a word to me. By the time we go on the road they will all let me go into the cage. I give them a lesson every day. That's one thing we do during the winter."

HOW TO TRAIN TIGERS.

"How do you tame them?" asked the visitor.

"It's easily done," said the trainer carelessly. "Every day I have the men catch the ends of the chains which hold the new tigers, and fasten them to the bars so they can only move a certain distance. Then I arm myself with a rawhide whip and a stout club and enter the cage. I take a chair with me and sit down in a corner.

"The minute I get in the untrained tigers spring at me. No doubt they would chew me to shreds if they got at me, but the chains hold them back and they only tumble on the floor. I hit them smartly with the whip and they crouch back and snarl. After a little I shove my chair closer. Then they jump at me again, but again are thrown down by their chains.

"I shove closer and repeat the programme, and finally I get so close that they can touch me with their noses, but not bite me. Here I sit for a long time, talking to them as long as they remain quiet, and switching them with all the force possible when they become fierce. In the course of a few weeks they become used to my entrance, and only cringe and snarl at me. Then I try them, one by one, without a chain.

"I have never so far used the club. Now I hold it ready to deal a mighty blow if necessary, but it is seldom necessary. The tiger is subdued and permits my entrance whenever I choose. I have got these tigers here nearly trained. They snarl yet, you see, but next week I will tackle them without chains. That fellow in the other compartment is tractable enough, but he persists in fighting with the big Bengal, so we have to keep them separate. Do you see that long mark on his belly? He and the big fellow had a particularly hard fight the other day, and that is one result.

POWER OF THE HUMAN EYE.

"If we hadn't had the big fellow's claws clipped beforehand he'd have ripped open the new one from end to end. So there's another delicate job for me. I've got to get those tigers on good terms."

"Is there any basis of truth in the many stories that are told of the power of the human eye over wild beasts?"

"Not the slightest," said Conklin disdainfully. "Of course it is true that a man who aims to subdue wild beasts must show a fearless front, and no doubt the eye shares with the body generally the task of impressing the beast. But the real requisite is real fearlessness. If a man's heart is sturdy he need not care a rap about his eyes. He can leave them to themselves, just as he leaves the other members of his body. The secret of taming wild beasts is the realization that all wild beasts, however ferocious, are at heart cowards—particularly if they belong to the cat family, as lions, tigers, leopards and panthers do. That granted, a stout heart, a stout arm and a stout whip or club is all that is necessary. I never have known fear."

"Do you always clip the claws of your ferocious animals?"

"Those of the cat tribe always," said the trainer. "It is quite a job, too, and requires a number of men. You've got to get your lion or tiger bound in such a way as to throw him on his side and then reach in through the bars and grab his four feet. These you pull out between the bars and hold tight. This is no small job in the case of a very large lion or tiger.

"They struggle violently, even after they are helpless and while the operation of clipping is going on. I killed a fine panther clipping his claws, or rather he killed himself. After we had him securely down so he could hardly move a muscle, he strained so in his efforts to free himself that he broke a blood vessel and died almost instantly."—New York Sun.

A Mind Feeding on Itself.

Gus—What's the matter with Jobson? He looks so emaciated.

Ned—Poor fellow, he's reduced to living on his wits.—Kate Field's Washington.

Active Passivity.

Primus—Is Hemans useful in the church?

Secundus—Yes—principal object of prayer, I believe.—Enoch.

Two doctors of an Eastern town,
To learning much inclined,
Were called to see a gentleman,
Whose health was undermined.

The first one used his stethoscope
Upon the patient meek.
"I find," quoth he, "one lung is gone;
You cannot live a week."

To this the other wise M. D.
Vehemently objected.
"I see," quoth he, "as all may see,
Your kidneys are affected."

These wise men argued loud and long,
Yet the patient owes recovery
(Not to those doctors, but to—
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery).

There are some patent medicines that are more marvelous than a dozen doctors' prescriptions, but they're not those that profess to cure *everything*.

Everybody, now and then, feels "run-down," "played out." They've the will, but no power to generate vitality. They're not sick enough to call a doctor, but just too sick to be well. That's where the right kind of a patent medicine comes in, and does for a dollar what the doctor wouldn't do for less than five or ten.

We put in our claim for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

We claim it to be an unequaled remedy to purify the blood and invigorate the liver. We claim it to be lasting in its effects, creating an appetite, purifying the blood, and preventing Bilious, Typhoid and Malarial Fevers, *if taken in time*. The time to take it is when you first feel the signs of *weariness* and *weakness*. The time to take it, on general principles, is NOW.

It's the *cheapest* blood-purifier, sold through druggists, no matter how many doses are offered for a dollar.

Why? Because it's sold on a *peculiar plan*, and you only pay for *the good* you get.

Can you ask more?

Mark Twain's Coveted Professorship.

Mark Twain made plenty of fun for a delighted audience at Bryn Mawr college.

"I have been elected an honorary member of the class of '94," said Mr. Clemens. "I feel deeply grateful to my fellow classmates for the compliment they have done me, the more so because I feel I have never deserved such treatment. I will reveal a secret to you. I have an ambition: that I may go up and up on the ladder of education until at last I may be a professor of Bryn Mawr college. I would be a professor of telling anecdotes. This art is not a very high one, but it is a very useful one. One class of anecdotes is that which contains only words. You begin almost as you please and talk and talk until your allotted time and close when you get ready.

"I will illustrate this by a story of an Irish and Scotch christening. In this Scotch-Irish village a baby had been born and a large number of friends had collected to see it christened. The minister, thinking this a good opportunity of displaying his oratorical powers, took the baby in his hand, saying: 'He is a little fellow; yes, a little fellow, and as I look in your faces I see an expression of scorn which suggests that you despise him. But if you had the soul of a poet and the gift of prophecy you would not despise him. You would look far into the future and see what it might be. Consider how small the acorn is from which grows the mighty oak. So this little child may be a great poet and write tragedies, or a great statesman, or perhaps a future warrior wading in blood to his neck; he may be—er—what is his name? His name, oh, is Mary Ann.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Helping One Another.

The genial spirit of helpfulness that characterizes a New York throng was pleasantly demonstrated in Broadway, near Chambers street, the other day. A street car was laboriously working its way up town. At the crossing of Chambers street there was the usual jam of vehicles. The grinding of the wheels, the crack of the whips, the shouts of the drivers, and the hum and bustle of the hurrying multitude combined to make a nerve trying din. A small boy, not more than fourteen years old, ran out from a store just above Chambers street and signaled the street car. He staggered under an armful of bundles, which he proceeded to load on the front platform of the car. He climbed upon the platform himself, and the car, with a sudden jerk, started on its up town journey.

The sudden start threw one of the bundles into the street, unperceived by the boy. Half a dozen rumbling trucks threatened to pass over it and crush it. A well dressed gentleman with a glossy silk hat, who was walking up town, saw the bundle fall and impetuously ran into the street to rescue it. A stalwart young truck driver jumped from his truck at the same time to pick it up, but before either of the men could reach the bundle a neatly attired young woman had deftly made her way to the spot and extricated the bundle almost from under the feet of a restless team of horses. She ran after the moving car and restored the parcel to the boy with the tart but not unfriendly remark, "Say, bub, why don't you look after your duds?"—New York Times.

From the Farm to the Observatory.

My birthplace was in the northern part of Nova Scotia, and the surroundings of my childhood and youth were such as deeply to tinge the economic views of my later years. People lived there much as the settlers of New England lived before the Revolution. The children of all but the rich went barefoot in summer, and, except the rare and costly Sunday suit, nearly every family had to make its own clothes. The men and boys tilled the ground, or cut and sawed lumber for exportation to more favored climes; the women and girls sheared the sheep, carded the wool, spun the yarn, wove the homespun cloth, and made the clothes.

Partly from necessity, partly from a fear of overstudy and a desire to strengthen my bodily constitution, about half my time from the age of eight to that of sixteen was spent in working on farms. The more intelligent of the farmers generally had two or three books, which there were occasional opportunities of reading by the light of the blazing fire in winter evenings.

Up to the age of twelve the laws of nature remained a mystery to me. About that time I remember once asking my father what light was, and why we could not see in the dark. He tried to give me an idea of something he had read or heard on the subject, but the question was one which nothing in our reading could help to answer. He could tell about gravitation, the names and order of the planets, history and navigation; but I doubt if a book on natural philosophy had ever fallen within his reach.—Professor Simon Newcomb in Forum.

The Way Men Walk.

There is nothing I love better than to see two or three of these selfmade men going down street together. Honest men! How they spread themselves about, and make the very pavement shake under their emphatic tread. There is no nonsense and flimsy about them. Their word is their bond, and they can write charming checks at a moment's notice.

The easy, nonchalant, swinging step of the artist and the Bohemian is less self-assertive than theirs; but it is deep, very deep in its significance. "A fig for all things!" it seems to say. It is Horatian philosophy objectified. — All the Year Round.

He Has Not Secured His Pension.

A veteran soldier of Salem who applied for a pension was obliged to forward to Washington some testimony as to his disability, and this is the affidavit that he presented to his lawyer: "This is to certify that John Jones worked for me before the war and since. He doesn't do half a day's work now and never could." Jones' counsel thought that the testimony would not help along the claimant's case, and he wisely concluded not to send it. —Boston Traveler.

The home of President Polk is about to be sold for taxes. The property is very valuable and Mrs. Polk is abundantly able to pay the taxes.

M. S Good, a forger from Nebraska, was captured near Pinnacle Springs, Ark., on Friday night, after killing James P. Paxton, a detective, who had been pursuing him.

Seven prisoners confined in the jail at Ardmore, I. T., made their escape.

Freezing Out the Ants.

The inhabitants of cold climates have little idea of the fierceness of the conflict which has been carried on from time immemorial between man and the ant tribe, and can hardly appreciate the extraordinary capacity shown by these tireless insects in their depredations upon the human race. In the tropics no satisfactory remedy has yet been devised by which the balance of advantage, always in favor of the ant as against man, can be overcome, and the insignificant looking insect, by force of numbers, industry and perseverance, is master of the situation.

Even in more temperate regions like some parts of our southern states ants are troublesome enemies. It is suggested that ants may be frozen out of existence by means of a cask of the freezing mixture used by engineers in excavating in quicksands fixed over the entrance of the nest, the other entrances being closed with clay, with a tube placed in the hole also well packed with clay. The pressure from the head of liquid would, it is claimed, be sufficient to drive the freezing mixture down into the furthest recesses of the ants' galleries, which would almost instantly become lined with solid ice, or, at all events, would be made so cold that no ant, however tenacious of life it might be, could long survive the exposure.

These freezing mixtures are not very expensive, and it is possible that the progress of science has here achieved a victory in the interest of man for which so many generations have contended in vain.—Garden and Forest.

In Tangiers.

The Arab shop is a mere box in the wall without windows, neither does it bear any name or number. The shop door is raised some distance higher than the street, and when this is open in the morning the merchant jumps in and squats down on a cushion within easy distance of his goods. Here he attends to his customers, who stand outside in the street to examine his wares.

The notary and scribe sit in an open place and their clients are attended to in public. We have never heard what a lawyer's fees are for a consultation in this country, but we know a charge is made for drawing up public documents, such sum depending upon the character of the work required to be done. Justice is delivered by the governor in the gate, as it was in olden times. We do not mean by this that justice is administered as we understand it in England. No; it is carried out after the Moorish fashion, bribery forming the chief feature.

Tangier is the nearest town to Europe of all the Moorish ports, and certainly the most important. It was once under the crown of Portugal, afterward that of England; but 200 years ago it was abandoned to the Moors, and has remained in their hands ever since, leaving no trace of Christian occupation. It has no architectural adornment worth a passing notice.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Requisites of a Piano Tuner.

The piano tuner is not necessarily a great artist, nor even a good player, but to be a good tuner knowledge and experience must be necessary, and he must possess a degree of common sense to enable him to meet the requirements arising from so complex an instrument.

"Some people are naturally adapted to the art," observed a prominent dealer in pianos the other day, "while others could work at it all their lives and still not be able to tune a piano properly. Their hearing is not delicate enough, and their sense of touch not sufficiently developed. After a man gets the theory of tuning he should take about three years for a practical education of his hand and ear, so that he can tell by striking a key why it is out of order, and then if he operates for a time under the supervision of a first class tuner he is apt to achieve very good success in the tuning field."—Seattle Telegraph.

Restricted.

Summer schools have increased greatly in numbers in the land during the past ten years. They have doubtless been a source of much good to many people in many places, but we do not often hear of just the sort of improvement which has come to Deerfield from the establishment there of the summer school of history and romance.

"The school has done everything for the residents," said one enthusiast. "Why, there is one poor old sick woman there who used to call her disease rheumatiz, and now speaks of it as neuralgia!"

"I know that woman," said another. "I went to see her once, and she said, 'Oh dear, I've got the neuralgy so bad that for three weeks I hain't been able to git my knife to my mouth to eat my victuals.'"—Youth's Companion.

The Dollar Mark.

Writers are not agreed as to the derivation of the sign to represent the word "dollar" or "dollars." Some contend that it comes from the letters U and S, which, after the adoption of the federal constitution, were prefixed to the currency of the new United States, and which afterward, in the hurry of writing, were run into each other, the U being made first and the S over it. Others say that the contraction is from the Spanish pesos, dollars; others, still, claim it to be derived from the Spanish word fuertes, meaning hard, so called to designate silver and gold from paper or soft money. The more plausible explanation of the puzzle is this: That it is a modification of the figure 8, and that the character, as we make it, denotes that we are speaking or writing of a sum of money equal to eight reals; or, as the dollar was formerly called, a piece of eight.—St. Louis Republic.

Guard Your Speech.

Elmer Young, an Oswego man, felt funny the other morning, and he said to Mrs. White, who was going to the grocery, "Trot along after your coal oil, sissy." She had him arrested, and the court decided that "sissy" was slander and gave her a verdict for $50.—Detroit Free Press.

The Liver

When out of order, involves every organ of the body. Remedies for some other derangement are frequently taken without the least effect, because it is the liver which is the real source of the trouble, and until that is set right there can be no health, strength, or comfort in any part of the system. Mercury, in some form, is a common specific for a sluggish liver; but a far safer and more effective medicine is

Ayer's Pills.

For loss of appetite, bilious troubles, constipation, indigestion, and sick headache, these Pills are unsurpassed.

"For a long time I was a sufferer from stomach, liver, and kidney troubles, experiencing much difficulty in digestion, with severe pains in the lumbar region and other parts of the body. Having tried a variety of remedies, including warm baths, with only temporary relief, about three months ago I began the use of Ayer's Pills, and my health is so much improved that I gladly testify to the superior merits of this medicine."—Manoel Jorge Pereira, Porto, Portugal.

"For the cure of headache, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the most effective medicine I ever used."—R. K. James, Dorchester, Mass.

"When I feel the need of a cathartic, I take Ayer's Pills, and find them to be more effective than any other pill I ever took."—Mrs. B. C. Grubb, Burwellville, Va.

"I have found in Ayer's Pills, an invaluable remedy for constipation, biliousness, and kindred disorders, peculiar to miasmatic localities. Taken in small and frequent doses, these Pills

Act Well

on the liver, restoring its natural powers, and aiding it in throwing off malarial poisons."—C. F. Alston, Quitman, Texas.

"Whenever I am troubled with constipation, or suffer from loss of appetite, Ayer's Pills set me right again."—A. J. Kiser, Jr. Rock House, Va.

"In 1858, by the advice of a friend, I began the use of Ayer's Pills as a remedy for biliousness, constipation, high fevers, and colds. They served me better than anything I had previously tried, and I have used them in attacks of that sort ever since."—H. W. Hersh, Judsonia, Ark.

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DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daniel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 3157 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P B MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

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St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av.

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sexsea, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2361 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, SouthChicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 23—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 509 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J F Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 32 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas, Dr Jas P buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 258 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seits, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Beier, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John Mebben, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 856 S Boyne av, Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Wentworth av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Panel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burgraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Eblebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 284 Bunker av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph F Bolden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas, Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas P Lusk, R S, 123 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Ravanaugh, F S; M Mitchell, Treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringa, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5324 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 5644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niernbach, F S; Chas Transcht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

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Div. 3—Hugh L. Farron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V-P; Edward O Neill, Rec Sec, 1066 Van Horn st; John Farrell Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White Fin. Sec.; M. Blake Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

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Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan, V.-P., Austin Clark, Rec. Sec., John Prendergast, Fin.Sec., Edward Rogers, Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 5 p m in Derrie hall, Len ont Ill.

Div. No. 15—Pres., M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway, Rec Sec., William Tait, 81 George st. Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggal; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 8 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec. Lawrence Henely; Treas., F. S. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts.

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Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec. Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell. Treas. Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P. John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec. P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st. V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4254 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

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Div. No. 26—Pres. J P Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V. P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

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Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; Fin. Sec., Michael Moore; Treas., James C. King. Meets last Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 1809 Lowe av; V.-P. J. J. Burke; Rec. Sec., M. J. O'Brien, 3203 Butler st. Fin. Sec., Patrick Quinn; Treas., Michael Havanaugh's. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3618 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty-second st; V.-P., Patrick Foley; Rec. Sec., Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st.; Fin Sec., Patrick Crimmins; Treas., James Kelly Meet first and third Saturday of each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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$ 3.00	2-piece Suits, now	$2.25
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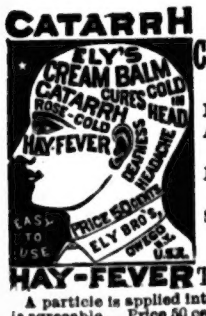

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ESTATE OF MARTIN LANAHAN, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Martin Lanahan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1891, being the 15th day thereof. HONORIA LANAHAN, Executrix.

Dated Chicago, April 14, 1891.

James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix.

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Attorneys.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. March Term, A. D 1891. Mary Haynes vs. Charles Haynes. In Chancery. No. 90,128.

Notice is hereby given to the said Charles Haynes that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.

James McEnerny, Complainant's Solicitor.

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And sweet are the blossoms of heather.
But another FAIR-BANK,
in favor and rank
Beats the heather and thyme both together.
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USE SANTA CLAUS SOAP
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